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THE *
INTERMEDIATE
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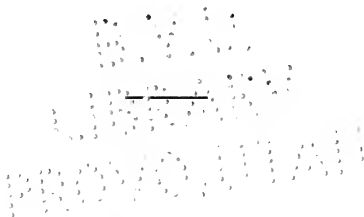
THE INTERMEDIATE

SUNDAY SCHOOL READER.

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FOR THE USE OF

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.



PUBLISHED BY
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY.

1888.

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THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

PREFACE.

THE demand for a Sunday school publication which could be used by children who had already completed the SECOND BOOK FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS and were not sufficiently advanced to commence the study of the FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES, has induced us to issue this INTERMEDIATE READER. Such pieces as are here presented have been selected because of their entertaining and instructive character. The variety will also be pleasing, we trust, to those who use this book. Though all the selections are not strictly of a religious nature, none have been inserted but such as are deemed appropriate for Sunday school use.

That this little work may be productive of good, and accomplish the object of its compilation is our most earnest wish.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Intermediate S. S. Reader.

A WORD.

A WORD may seem a simple thing,
Yet, simple though it be,
It can impart a bitter sting,
Or fire the soul with glee.

How often hath the joy-lit eye
Been caused to drop a tear,
The heart to heave a bitter sigh,
By language too severe.

Thought, reason, wisdom e'er employ
Ere words escape the tongue,
Rob not thy brother's heart of joy
By poisoned arrows flung.

But think how you, yourself, would feel,
Should others fly a dart,
And tear a wound, begun to heal,
In some most tender part.

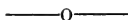
The thoughtless word may oft crush down
Hearts battling 'gainst despair.
Like heedless wind whose cruel frown
Wrecks nature's prospect fair;

Or, like cold winter's blighting breath
That blasts the budding flowers,
And smites the lovely things with death
Ere yet their sweets be ours.

O, let us strive that we may drive
Such foolish things away,
And seek to know, while here below,
The brighter, better way.

That peace and love, as known above,
May make our bosoms swell,
And each rejoice to raise his voice
His brother's joys to tell.

J. C.



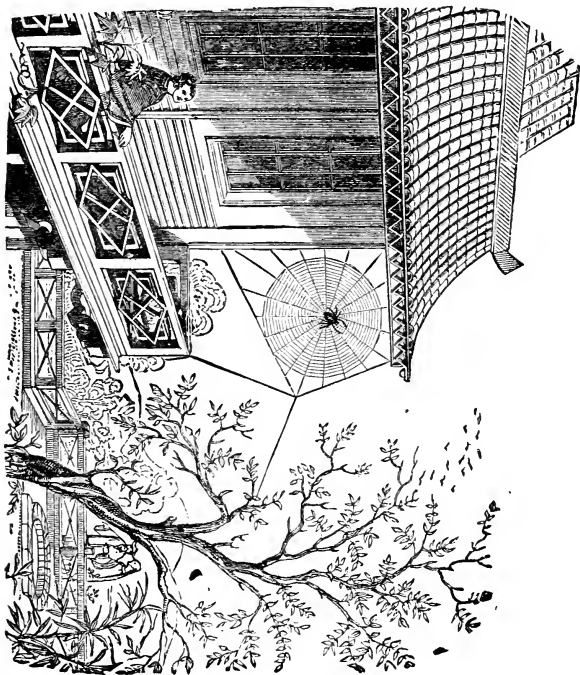
A WISE INSECT.

THE picture we give is copied from an engraving in a Chinese book on insects. In it is seen the web of the Diadem Spider. This insect presents the gayest colors, makes the most ingenious web, and spins the finest silk of any member of the spider family.

The web woven by this insect is like a wheel of many rims or circles within circles. In forming these circles the spider pulls out the thread with her feet and applies it to the several spokes as she walks around. The sagacity of the creature is seen in the use of various stays to keep the structure steady. It is often placed in a windy situa-

tion, and therefore requires more support. In the picture a line is carried from the corner of the web and made fast to a tree, that the gusts of wind may not break down the net.

The sagacity of this spider in selecting a proper



site for her net, and her skill in rendering that net proof against ordinary breezes, have been noticed by the Chinese, who, while they gave it one name expressive of the pearl-like roundness of the body, added another which refers to its knowledge, and

means the "wise insect;" and hence, their ideas about it, in this particular, are exactly like those of Solomon, who classed it among creatures who are exceedingly wise, for he probably had this particular spider in view when referring to the one which "taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." The expression "taketh hold with her hands" is remarkable, for her feet are like unto hands, on account of their use in making a web. While busy in weaving, the three hind pairs are occupied in drawing out, measuring, and applying the thread or woof. And so well does she judge of the different lengths required that her work never needs the slightest alteration.

In the narrow streets of a Chinese city may be commonly seen this spider as it rests upon the centre of its net, which reaches across the street. It so places its net as to be secure from man, since it is above his reach as he walks beneath.

There are but few allusions to the spider in the Bible. The fragility of its web is, however, referred to by Job (*viii*, 14) as an emblem of the unsafe character of the hope of the hypocrite. Thought well of he may be among men, he may flatter himself that all is well with him, but his hope is vain. His expectation shall "perish;" his trust shall be "as the spider's web."

THE JEWS.

EVERY child who reads this has no doubt heard of the Jews. They are to be met with in many countries, and though they live like other people they are different from them in a great many things. They profess to believe in God and in the old Testament part of the Bible, but they do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. They expect to be all gathered to a place called Palestine, where their fathers lived many hundreds of years ago, and to build again the city of Jerusalem, when they believe the Messiah, or the Son of God, will come to them from heaven and save them from their enemies. They believe many other things, too, that we may tell you of again; but now we are going to tell you who they are, where they came from, and who their fathers were.

They are called Jews, and Israelites, and Hebrews. They are called Jews because one of their forefathers was named Judah, and that part of Palestine, or the Holy Land, where his children lived was called Judea, and sometimes Jewry, for the Jews or children of Judah lived there; Judah's father was named Jacob, but he wrestled with an angel of the Lord who did not overcome him, and the angel named him Israel, which means a prince; and therefore they are called Israelites, or the children of Israel. One of Jacob's forefathers

was named Eber, or Heber, who was the great-grandson of Shem, one of Noah's sons, and from him, it is said, they came to be called Hebrews.

Now, though the Jews are called Israelites, you must not imagine that all Israelites are Jews, for Jacob or Israel had twelve sons, and all their descendants are equally entitled to the name of Israelites. The Indians in these valleys are really Israelites, as well as the Jews, for they are descended from Joseph, another of the sons of Israel; and so are the descendants of the other ten sons of Jacob, who are called the ten tribes of Israel; though it is not known now exactly where they dwell, it is somewhere in the north country, and the Lord will make known to us in His own time where the place is, and reveal many other things concerning them.

By referring to the book of Genesis, in the Bible, you will learn of Abraham, a very good man, with whom the Lord talked at various times, and to whom He made promises concerning his posterity. He was so good a man and so faithful to righteousness that he was called the friend of God. He had a son in his old age named Isaac, who was called the child of promise, and who was the father of Jacob; thus all the Israelites were the descendants of Abraham, and the heirs of the promises made to him, which were that they should become very numerous, like the stars in the heavens, and that through them all nations should be blessed.

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark;
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark;
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,—
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day;
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

—o—

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

THE marriage ceremony in China differs in many respects from those of other countries. Love before marriage was never the fashion with the Chinese. A Chinaman, if he moves in polite circles, has never seen the lady to whom he is betrothed, and has not the remotest idea of what she is like; whether she will at all resemble the creature his fond fancy has painted, or whether the first sight of her unveiled face on the day of marriage will cast a shadow over the prospect of his future life. He does not understand love; it is no part of the marriage contract. He was probably betrothed by his parents before his infant eyes opened upon the charms of his country. His intended wife has been reared for him in the strict seclusion of her paternal home.

The parents of marriageable children usually engage a professional person, or go-between, to negotiate an alliance for their son or daughter.

Suitable presents are exchanged, and an astrologer is called in to fix a lucky day for the ceremony. This individual professes to investigate the horoscope of the contracting parties, and to ascertain whether the combined ages of the bride and bridegroom, and the exact time of birth will create any bad influence if the two are united on a given day. Should a lady who has been betrothed in the usual manner by her parents die before marriage, the bereaved youth is at liberty to make another engagement; but should he die before marriage, the young lady must go into weeds for the term of her natural life; and, should she in her widowhood be held in esteem by her neighbors for perfect chastity, the Imperial Government will erect a stone arch over her grave. There are many who, when in this situation, prefer to commit suicide rather than face the ills of a spinster's or widow's life.

It is usual, during the marriage week, to engage a procession of coolies to parade the streets with the articles of household furniture, the silks and jewels of the new couple. On the day of marriage the bride is in a flutter, as she is being dressed and painted by her female relatives and attendants. The head-dress, hung with glittering sprays of pearls, is poised on the head, the last touch is given to the uniform folds of her red silk robe, the gorgeous gilded chair waits at the door; she is gently raised in her brother's arms, and held over a fire of charcoal, to dispel any lurking deviltry that may be about her. She is then carried to her

chair, followed by a chorus of weeping females, four of whom are the bridesmaids, who are old married women, dressed in black and red scarfs. Then, amid the deafening din of fire-crackers, the shrill tones of native flutes and the boom of gongs, she is borne off to the home of the bridegroom, at the door of which she is met by an old woman, the mother of male children. It is then that one of the most tedious of earthly ceremonies begins, wherein the spirits of ancestors have to be worshiped, the parents have to be worshiped, and the marriage contract read. They then drink the sacred wine-cup, when two wine-cups are united by a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the young couple, in the presence of the assembled guests. The bride and bridegroom are usually seated during this part of the ceremony.

When the ceremony is over, the bride takes off the outer robe, and prepares herself to submit to the varied, and what we would consider extremely rude remarks of the gentlemen present, who talk freely of the form of her hands, feet, head, nose, mouth, eyes, etc. A feast follows, and the happy pair don't go off in a chair-and-four on their honeymoon. The lady retires to, and keeps the strict seclusion of her new home, while the bridegroom joins in the feast which is kept up to a late hour.

LAPLANDERS.

THE Laplanders are very lean in flesh, having thick heads, prominent foreheads, hollow and bleary eyes, short flat noses, and wide mouths. They are swift of foot and very strong, so that a bow which a Norwegian can scarcely half bend, they will draw to the full, the arrow reaching to the head. The usual exercises are running races, and climbing inaccessible rocks and high trees. Though nimble and strong, they never walk upright, but always stooping, a habit they get by frequently sitting in their cottages on the ground. Originally pagans, and most superstitious, they have for some centuries been Christians, and have produced many eminent and intelligent men. The manners and customs of the Laplanders in regard to marriage are very peculiar. The young man first seeks for a maiden well stocked with reindeer—which, in case of marriage, is secured to the child by her parents—and then comes the offer. Accompanied by his father and one or more of his friends, who are to intercede for him, he makes for the hut of his intended, and waits at the door until he is summoned. His best man then addresses the father, discloses his strong affection for his daughter, and trusts he will give her in charge to him. He gives his consent. The loving couple then meet. Then come the presents, the rarest

delicacies that Lapland affords—reindeer-tongue, beaver flesh and other dainties. If she accepts the presents the future marriage is arranged, but if she rejects his suit she casts them down at his feet. The full approbation of the marriage and the celebration of the wedding is often deferred for a considerable time, which they employ in courting. The object of giving time is to squeeze the bridegroom to the fullest extent (i. e., for presents, etc.). The day before marriage, the relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom resort to the bride's hut to deliver their presents. The bridegroom is bound to present the father and mother with presents—the father with a silver cup, a kettle of copper or alchymy, a bed, or, at least, handsome bedding; the mother a girdle of silver, a robe of honor which they call *vospi*, or a whisk which they wear about their neck, and which hangs down to their breast, interlaced with bosses of silver called *krake*. In addition, he gives presents to the brothers, sisters, and all the near kindred, in the shape of silver spoons, silver bosses, and other ornaments of silver, for each of them must have a present if he means to obtain his bride. All things arranged they proceed to church in solemn order. The bride is led by two men, her father and brother if alive, otherwise by two of her nearest relations. She is dragged all the way by them, showing sadness and dejection, and great unwillingness and reluctance to her marriage. A wedding feast follows. Each person invited contributes his share of provisions. At the feast-table

no person helps himself, but receives his meat from the hand of a Laplander. If the hut is not large enough for the company, they climb up to the roof of the hut, mostly boys and girls, and from thence let down a fishing-line and hook up the food. The married couple must remain a year in the service of her father: they can then set up for themselves. The father then bestows upon the daughter the reindeer which are her due, given to her in her younger days; also furniture and a dowry of a hundred or more reindeer. Then all their relations return all the presents they have made.

The Laps may be said to be in the full sense of the word a moral race. They have no schoolmasters. The father instructs the boy, the mother the girl. Soon after birth, they bestow on their infant, if it be a female, a female reindeer, and upon the horns they engrave her name, so as to prevent all quarrels. She receives another when she cuts her first tooth, which they call pannikeir—that is, tooth reindeer; and he who first spies the tooth is entitled to a reindeer calf. If the parents die, the nearest relation becomes the guardian.

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

THE world stretches widely before you,
A field for your muscle and brain;
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'ertake you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the *will* to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes foulest scandal may speed,
And strive with their shrewdest of tact
To injure your fame, never heed,
But justly and honestly act:
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven
To save your fair name as a man;
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

CHINESE TORTURE.

CRIMINALS and suspected persons in China are treated in a very cruel manner. The tortures and



punishments which the law sanctions are, wearing the cangue; beating the cheeks with a leather instrument; squeezing the fingers; beating the

person with a bamboo, or wooden stick ; squeezing the ankles, and imprisonment.

The prisons in China are in a much more revolting state than those in Europe were before John Howard began his labors for their improvement ; and the prisoners who are not rich, or who have not rich friends willing to bribe the jailors, are given but a small amount of coarse food, and have to endure the most dreadful and excruciating tortures that were ever inflicted on any human beings.

The most common of the lawful modes of punishment is the wearing of the cangue. This is a square collar made of boards, which is generally locked upon the neck, though it is sometimes fastened to the person in the manner represented in the picture.

The person's crime, and the time that he is to wear the cangue, are written upon the upper or front side of it. He is placed, in the day-time, in the street near the spot where he committed his offense ; in the evening, he is taken away by the constable of the neighborhood : and in the morning he is returned to his usual place of exposure, where he begs his living, unless his friends supply him with food. This is done from one to three months, according to the offense.

There are many other modes of torture and punishment, which, though not recognized by the laws, are used by the magistrates and jailors whenever they please. They are generally applied when the desire is to make a man confess his own or another's crime.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHARLES VII., surnamed the "Victorious," was twenty years old when his father died. He was proclaimed king by the princes who formed his little court, and was crowned at Poitiers—Rheims being in possession of the English. In 1428, the city of Orleans alone remained to him, and the English now laid siege to it.

Charles considered the loss of Orleans as certain, and was about to leave the country. His fortunes were altered by one of the most singular occurrences in history—the appearance of Joan of Arc, called also the Maid of Orleans.

The girl was the daughter of poor peasants, who lived at Dom Remy, near the river Meuse. From her childhood she had been taught to hate the English on account of the desolation they had spread over the country. The terrible scenes she heard described made a deep impression on her, and she dreamed of them by night. Before she was thirteen she fancied she saw visions, and talked with angels, who assured her that she was the appointed deliverer of her country.

She served at a small inn, where she took care of the horses and performed other manual labor. She thus gained great bodily strength, could ride without a saddle and was expert in many exercises.



When she was seventeen she went to the king, and offered to deliver Orleans, then besieged by the English, and to conduct him to Rheims, to be crowned.

The courtiers thought her crazy. Charles, either because there was nothing to lose by the experiment, or because he believed her inspired, granted her request to be given armor and sent with an escort of troops to Orleans.

She was dressed in full armor, and mounted upon a charger; in her hand she carried a banner, sent, she said, from heaven. Her fame had gone before her. The English soldiers were seized with a dread of fighting against heaven. She and her escort were allowed to pass unharmed through the English camp, and to enter Orleans. There she was received as a celestial deliverer. Things were now completely changed.

Wherever she led the attack, the enemy threw down their arms and fled. So many deserted from the English army, that a proclamation was issued offering a reward for the arrest of every soldier who deserted "for fear of the mayde." Still the panic went on; the English general, Lord Talbot, was obliged to raise the siege. The regent, Bedford, collected another army, and sent it, under the command of Sir John Falstaff, to the assistance of Talbot. The French marched against the united forces. The English fled at the first onset. Sir John Falstaff, a man of tried courage, did not escape the general infection. He set the example of flight, and for his cowardice was deprived of all the honors that a long life of service had gained for him.

The maid now offered to perform the second

part of her mission, the accomplishment of which seemed to be beyond belief.

Rheims was at a distance, and in the hands of a powerful body of the enemy. The way was guarded by several strong fortresses, and Charles had few soldiers. But the king, yielding to the importunity of Joan of Arc, set out on the journey.

His progress was a success. The towns submitted to him, and on reaching Rheims, he was met by a deputation of the citizens, who presented the keys of the city. Here the consecration was performed with the holy oil of Clovis, Joan standing by in complete armor, her standard in her hand. When the ceremony was over, she begged the king to let her return to private life, now that her promises were accomplished.

But Charles would not permit this. He ennobled her family, giving it the name of "*du Lys*," in allusion to the lilies on her banner, and assigned her an estate in land. But he desired her to remain with the army until the English were driven out of France.

The French officers were jealous of her fame, and ashamed that a woman should perform greater exploits than they. In a sally from the town of Compeigne she was deserted by her companions, who fled into the town at the approach of the enemy, and shutting the gates, refused to admit her.

She fell into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, who sold her to the regent, Bedford, for a large

sum. By the laws of honor and humanity, Joan should have been treated as a prisoner of war. But Bedford chose to regard her as a sorceress.

She was tried as such before some clergy in the interest of Bedford. During this trial, which lasted four months, she behaved with the greatest firmness and dignity. She answered all their questions with wonderful propriety. She was pronounced guilty, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be allowed no other food than bread and water.

She was also forbidden to put on the dress of a man, under pain of death. The regent thought her sentence too mild, and at once took measures to secure a more severe punishment.

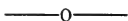
He had a complete suit of armor hung in her cell, in the cruel hope that she would not be able to resist the temptation of putting it on. Poor Joan fell into the snare. Persons concealed to watch her, rushed in and seized her. She was then condemned to be burned. The sentence was carried out in the market place of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

The affairs of the English now grew worse and worse. One town after another surrendered to Charles. Paris opened its gates to him, and he entered it, November 4th, 1437, after an absence of seventeen years.

The French erected a statue to the Maid of Orleans on the spot where she died. It remains to the present day.

In a short time the city of Calais was the only

English possession in the territory of France. In 1440 a truce was agreed upon between the two nations.



THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear;
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost!

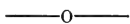
But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
It all, just for fun!"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

ONE of the most touching illustrations of the strength of filial affection is given by an ancient historian, named Herodotus, concerning a son of Cræsus, king of Lydia. Cræsus was a very rich king; so rich, that, to this day, when a man is described as being very wealthy, he is said to be "as rich as Cræsus." But, notwithstanding his riches, the city in which he resided was captured by Cyrus the Great. The only son Cræsus had living was dumb. This young prince, when the city was taken, saw a soldier ready to give king Cræsus a stroke upon the head with his scimitar. The sight startled him. Fear and affection for the life of his father were aroused. He made such a violent effort and struggle that he broke the string of his tongue, and cried out, "Soldier! spare the life of Cræsus." His cry saved his father's life; and Cyrus afterwards gave him great honor and made him his friend.

This story seems more wonderful than true. Still, it may be true; and if it is, it is a beautiful illustration of the power of affection. Speaking of Cyrus, it is very remarkable that, during the whole course of his life which was pretty long, as he himself said, the happiness of it was never interrupted by any unfortunate accident; and in all his designs the success had answered

his utmost expectations. But he states another thing that is equally remarkable; in the midst of his great and uninterrupted prosperity he still preserved in his heart a secret fear, proceeding from an apprehension of the changes and misfortunes that might happen. This prudent fear kept him from being lifted up by prosperity, and also preserved him from intemperate joy. Though a great king, he never forgot that he was a man, and, as such, was exposed to all the changes and misfortunes to which mortal men are liable. It is probable that his prosperity was due to this feeling of humility which he had in his heart. Cyrus is called a heathen king; but he possessed more true knowledge than many boasted Christian kings. On this point his life conveys a lesson which Saints can profit by studying.



A HINDOO STORY.

A TIGER, prowling in a forest, was attracted by a bleating calf. It proved to be a bait, and the tiger found himself trapped in a spring cage. There he lay for two days, when a Bramin happened that way.

"O, Bramin!" piteously cried the beast, "have mercy upon me, and let me out of this cage."

"Ah! but you will eat me."

"Eat you! Devour my benefactor! Never could I be guilty of such a deed," responded the tiger.

The Bramin, being benevolently inclined, was

moved by these entreaties, and opened the door of the cage.

The tiger walked up to him, waved his tail, and said, "Bramin, prepare to die; I shall now eat you."

"O! how ungrateful, how wicked! Am I not your savior?" protested the trembling priest.

"True," said the tiger, "very true; but it is the custom of my race to eat men when we get the chance, and I cannot afford to let you go."

"Let us submit the case to an arbitrator," replied the Bramin. "Here comes a fox. The fox is wise; let us abide by his judgment."

"Very well," agreed the tiger.

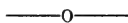
The fox assuming a judicial aspect, sat on his haunches with all the dignity he could muster, and, looking at the disputants, said:

"Good friends, I am somewhat confused by the different accounts which you give of this matter; my mind is not clear enough to render equitable judgment; but if you will be good enough to act the whole transaction out before my eyes, I shall attain unto a more definite conception of the case. Do you, Mr. Tiger, show me just how you approached and entered the cage; and then do you, Mr. Bramin, show me how you liberated him; and I shall be able to render a proper decision."

They assented, for the fox was solemn and oracular. The tiger walked into the cage, the spring-door fell and shut him in. He was a prisoner inside.

The judicial expression faded from the fox's

countenance, and, turning to the Bramin, he said: "Now you are all right, you silly Bramin. I advise you to go home as fast as you can, and abstain in future from doing favors to rascally tigers. Good morning, Bramin; good morning, tiger."



THE ALOE.

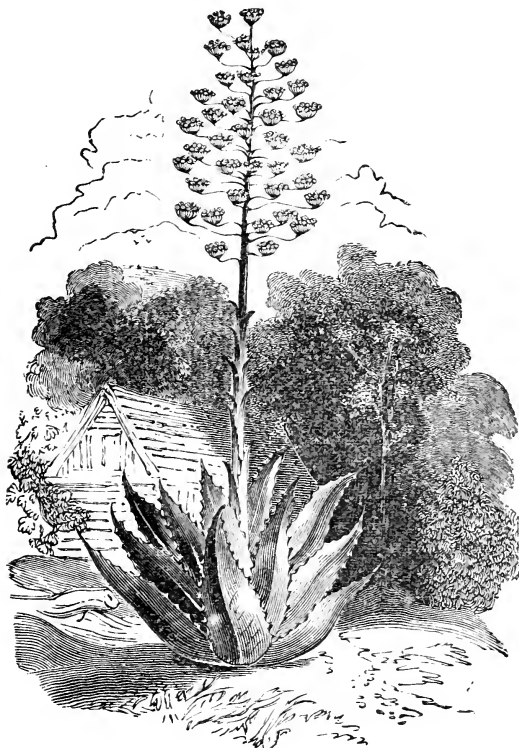
THE science of botany is a delightful study; it makes the student of it acquainted with the nature and qualities of herbs, plants, trees and everything belonging to the vegetable kingdom. It brings him in contact and makes him familiar with the form and gradual development of flowers, and cultivates within him a love of the beautiful, thus helping to refine, exalt and purify his nature, and hence it is a study that cannot be persevered in without benefit.

We present our readers with an engraving of the American aloe, a simple-looking plant, but withal a singular, beautiful and useful member of the vegetable kingdom.

We would wish that our brief sketch of the aloe might help to bring out, in some of our readers, a taste for the study of botany—a study useful as well as agreeable; and you know that useful knowledge acquired and retained is better than great riches.

The aloe is a native of the American tropics, and there it grows luxuriantly; in temperate

regions, such as England, France and some portions of the United States, it is cultivated in greenhouses for ornament, it being considered, when in bloom, a choice and beautiful exotic.



For fear that you should not understand the word "exotic," we will say that it means something that is foreign. Thus, a flower that is a native of any country in Europe, if brought to

this country, and planted and cultivated until it will grow here, would be called an "exotic." So much for the explanation. Now we will proceed and tell you something more about the aloe.

There is a saying about this plant that it only flowers once in a hundred years. This saying is not true, but it is true that an aloe plant only blooms once and then dies. The long stem, which you see in the picture, never grows until the bottom of the plant is fully matured, that is, until it is full grown, or ripe. The length of time required for this ripening process varies very much, according to the climate in which the plant is grown. In the most favorable climates it ripens in ten years, in the least favorable climates it will not mature in less than seventy years. When it has attained maturity, the slender stem immediately begins to shoot up, and before it stops it sometimes reaches a height of forty feet. This stem grows very straight, and, as you see, sends forth numerous branches in very regular order, the end of each being ornamented with a bunch of greenish-yellow flowers. These flowers continue in bloom for several months, when the seeds they contain are scattered, and the plant withers and decays.

In some of the countries to which the aloe is indigenous, that is, native and grows without cultivation, the people turn it to great use. Of its sap the Mexicans make two kinds of intoxicating drink. The fibres of the leaves are used as a coarse kind of sewing thread; the dried stems of the flowers make a splendid thatch, or covering

for the roofs of dwellings, rendering them completely waterproof. An extract is made from the leaves of the plant, which is formed into balls, and answers the same purpose as soap. The juice of the plant is also used for various purposes in medicine, the value of the preparation varying considerably, according to the country in which it is grown.

You thus see that the aloe, simple as it looks, is a very useful plant, and if you remember the short account of it here given, it will add to your store of knowledge, and that addition, small as it is, may some time prove useful to you. The vegetable kingdom contains thousands of different members, every one of which has a history about as interesting as the aloe. The Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, devoted his life to the study of plants, flowers, etc., reduced botany to a science, and secured for himself a name that will never die. Not one of you may ever become celebrated on account of your knowledge of botany; but as it is one of the most important branches of natural history, it cannot be studied at all industriously without the student being well rewarded for his labors.

LIVING FOR OTHERS.

WOULD you have a thread of beauty
Running thro' your happy days,
From the rosy glow of morning
To the twilight's purple haze?
Would you have your golden noontide
Crowned with blessings bright and pure?
Would you garner up a treasure
Which forever shall endure?

Oh, then early heed the lesson,
 "No one liveth to himself: "
And the soul needs better riches,
 Than earth's fleeting, sordid pelf.
Gentle words and deeds of kindness,
 Are sweet blossoms that will cast
An undying, precious fragrance,
 O'er the pathway of the Past.

Hearts that thrill with earnest yearning
 For the noble and the true;
Hands that shrink not from the labor
 Which God giveth them to do;
Feet that never tire or falter,
 Tho' life's rugged hill they climb—
These can make the trivial duty
 And the lowly fate sublime!

THE WHITE SPARROW.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"SLEEP is the worst of thieves—
He steals away half our lives."

IN most parts of Germany there passes current among the people this proverb—

"He that would thrive,
Must the white sparrow see."

The meaning of the proverb is not at first sight so apparent as that of some others that circulate among us, such as "Early habits make the man," and "Honesty is the best policy," etc., but the moral significance it is intended to convey is not less true and important. I will, therefore, here relate the story connected with its origin, as I received it myself from the lips of an old and valued friend.

There was an old farmer with whom everything appeared to grow worse from year to year. His cattle died one by one, the produce of his land was not half what it ought to be; in fact, all his property was, to use a very familiar expression, "going to the dogs!" In short, scarcely a week passed by that either the tax-gatherer or the pawn-broker did not come to his window, and, addressing him with a courteous bow, say—

"I am really very sorry, Herr Ruckwart, to be

compelled to put you to inconvenience, but I am obliged to do my duty."

The old friends of Herr Ruckwart also tried to do their duty to him. They advised, they entreated, and they helped him, but all in vain, and so one after another gave him up in despair, declaring with a sigh that as for poor Ruckwart, there was no use in trying to help him—he was past being helped.

He had one friend, however, whose heart was in the right place, and who was not only a good man, but a very clear sighted one. This friend thought he would not give Herr Ruckwart up altogether, without making one more attempt to save him. So one day he led the conversation, as though accidentally, to the subject of sparrows, relating many anecdotes of those birds, and observing how greatly they had multiplied of late, and how very cunning and voracious they had become.

Herr Ruckwart shook his head gravely in answer to this observation, and said :

"They are, indeed, most destructive creatures. For my part, I have not the slightest doubt that it is mainly owing to their depredations that my harvest of late years has been so unproductive."

To this conjecture his old friend made no rejoinder; but after a moment's pause continued the conversation by asking—

"Neighbor, have you ever seen a white sparrow?"

"No," replied Ruckwart; "the sparrows that alight in my field are all the common grey sort."

"That is very probable, too," rejoined his friend. "The habits of the white sparrow are peculiar to itself. Only one comes into the world every year; and, being so different from his fellows, other sparrows take a dislike to it, and peck at it when it appears among them. For this reason it seeks its food early in the morning, before the rest of the tribe are astir, and then goes back to its nest, where it remains for the rest of the day."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Ruckwart. "I must really try and get a sight of that sparrow; and if possible, I will catch it, too."

On the morning following this conversation, the farmer rose with the sun and sallied forth into his field. He walked around his farm, searched his farmyard in every corner, examined the roofs of his granaries and the trees of his orchards, to see whether he could discover any traces of the beautiful white sparrow. But the white sparrow, to the great disappointment of the farmer, would not show itself or stir from its imaginary nest.

What vexed the farmer, however, still more, was that though the sun stood high in the heavens by the time he had completed his round, not one of the farm laborers was astir—they, too, seemed resolved not to leave their nests. Meantime, the cattle were bellowing in their stalls with hunger, and not a soul was near to feed them.

Herr Ruckwart was reflecting on the disadvantage of this state of things, when suddenly he perceived a lad coming out of the house carrying a sack of wheat on his shoulders. He seemed to

be in great haste to get out of the precincts of the farm, and Herr Ruckwart soon noticed that his steps were not bent towards the mill, but towards a public house, where Caspar had, unhappily, a long score to pay. He hastened after the astonished youth, who had believed his master to be still in the enjoyment of his morning nap, and quickly relieved him of his burden.

The farmer next repaired to the cow-house, and, peeping to see whether the white sparrow had taken refuge there, he discovered to his dismay, that the milk-maid was handing a liberal portion of her milk through the window to her neighbor, to mix with her morning cup of coffee.

"A pretty sort of housekeeping this is;" thought the farmer to himself, as he hastened to his wife's apartment and roused her from her slumber. "As sure as my name is Ruckwart," he exclaimed in an angry tone, "there must be an end to these lazy habits. Everything is going wrong for the want of somebody to look after it. So far as I am concerned," thought the good farmer to himself, "I will rise every day at the same hour I did this morning, and then I shall get my farm cleared of those who do not intend to do their duty properly. Besides, who knows but some fine morning or other, I may even succeed in catching the white sparrow!"

Days and weeks passed on. The farmer adhered to his resolution, but he soon forgot the white sparrow, and only looked after his cattle and his corn fields. Soon everything around him wore a

flourishing aspect, and men began to observe that Herr Ruckwart (Backward) now well deserved to be called Herr Vorwart (Forward).

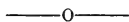
In due course of time, his old friend again came to spend the day with him, and inquired in a humorous tone:

"Well, my fine fellow, how are you getting on now? Have you succeeded in catching a glimpse of the white sparrow?"

The farmer only replied to this question by a smile, and then, holding out his hand to his old friend, he said:

"God bless you, Harder, you have saved me and my family from ruin."

Often, in after years, when Herr Ruckwart was a prosperous man, respected by his household, he was wont to relate this history of his early life, and thus by degrees the saying has passed into a proverb—"He that would thrive, must the white sparrow see."



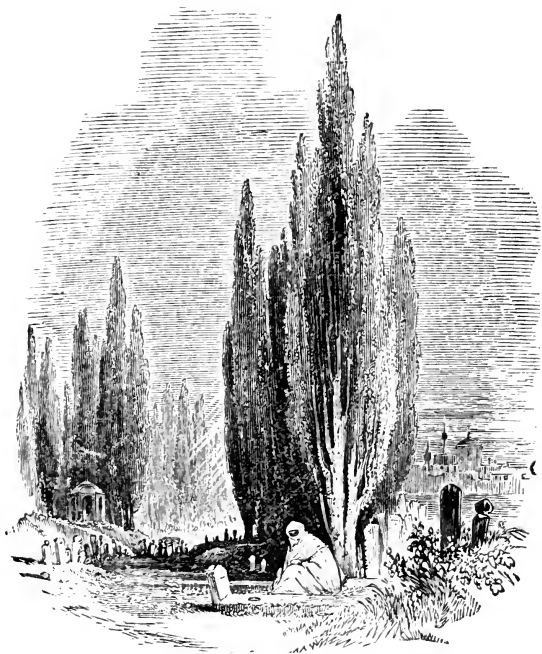
THE CYPRESS.



WE have here the picture of a Turkish cemetery. In front is a female mourner, sitting near the grave of some departed loved one, her face carefully veiled, as is the custom in the far eastern Asiatic lands. In the distance is a Mohammedan city, its walls, its mosques and minarets and flat-roofed houses being quite distinguishable. In front is a beautiful grove of cypress

trees, their straight slender forms and dense foliage presenting a very agreeable picture, one bespeaking shade and repose.

It is a common custom in eastern countries to plant groves of cypress trees in cemeteries; the

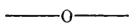


branches of these trees were also anciently used at funerals. From this cause, this tree has come to be considered an emblem of mourning for the dead, as the laurel has been chosen the emblem of victory, and the palm that of triumph.

In ages long since past, the remains of the

heroes of Greece, and the embalmed bodies of Egypt's great ones were placed in coffins or cases of cypress wood, on account of its great durability. Many believe that the gopher wood mentioned by Moses as being the substance of which the ark built by Noah was framed, was cypress wood, but we think this is very doubtful. They draw their conclusion from the fact that cypress trees abound in the neighborhood of Mount Ararat, where the ark rested after the flood, but they know nothing of the trees that grew in the land where the ark was constructed. They fancy this was somewhere in Asia Minor or in the regions round about. But God has revealed in these days that the people who lived before the flood, dwelt on the land we now call America.

The cypress is a native of warm climates, but has long since been transferred, on account of the beauty of its evergreen foliage, to the gardens of the rich in colder climates. In Assyria, especially about Babylon, cypress trees still greatly abound.



TRUE COURAGE AND BENEVOLENCE.



ON a warm summer afternoon a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a hot district school-house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy-books that lay on the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers,

was the only sound. But though silent, this little hot school-room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school join. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl, in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v-priv, i-privi, l-e-g-e-lege, privilege," spelled Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistake at the other end of the class, misunderstood her, and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks, and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelled it as she had done.

"Right," said the teacher, "take your place."

"I spelled it so," whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determined to get up again.

But her trials were not yet over. Many expedients were tried in the school to keep out the arch-enemy of the schools—whispering. At length the following was adopted: The first whisperer stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; when he detected another, he took his seat, and the next offender kept a sharp look-out to find some one to

take his place; for at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished very severely—as the school phrase was, “took a feruling!” This plan appeared to operate very well, everyone dreading to be the last on the floor; but, though it secured an orderly school, many parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place, was an unruly, surly fellow who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear, his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed he said, “Eunice whispered, sir.”

Eunice rose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who told on her.

Books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrow as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars, bright, faithful, sweet-tempered and a general favorite. Everyone felt that it was unjust, and many angry glances were directed at the boy who was mean enough to get a little girl whipped. Overcome with shame and fear he stood up by the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and going to the desk, said:

“Are you going to whip Eunice, sir?”

"Yes, I never break my rules," the teacher said.

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy, in an excited voice. "There is not a boy here, but one, that would see her whipped. Whip me, sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl."

The master paused; the school looked on tearfully.

"Do you mean to say that you will take the punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do, sir," was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and, without flinching, her friend stood and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you not think his conduct admirable?

Now for the moral.

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering from his own free will, the punishment that was to have been borne by another.

LINES ON LIFE.

WHATE'ER our rank, the ups and downs
Of life we all must know;
Both fortune's smiles and sorrow's frowns
Are needed here below;
And such is life that what we crave,
If placed within our power,
Would make us oft the hapless slave
Of passion's evil hour.

Some pow'r, infinite fraught with grace,
Rules man, whate'er his mood;
Restraining him to fill some place
Assigned for common good.
And oft when he would turn aside,
Some influence seems to say,
"Stop! See the wreck on sin's dark tide!
Cast not thyself away."

Life at its best is checkered, brief,
As years and trials prove;
Yet all may find some sweet relief
In deeds of truth and love.
Hope lights their path, in weal or woe;
Those days are wisely spent,
Which furnish those who mourn below
The keys of sweet content.

And what if we should suffer here
Man's sneer, or angry threat;
If God be near we need not fear,
Nor have a sad regret.
Then man and steer the craft of Right,
And strongly ply the oar;
Eternal gain—your beacon bright—
Shines on the other shore.

—o—

A CHILD IN COURT.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

A LITTLE girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court; "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked

confidently into his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The child stepped back with a look of horror, and the blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I don't mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her an open Bible.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered:

"Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening."

"Can you tell us what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you are sworn as a witness; can you tell me what will become of you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in States Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court in this case?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard that they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with my father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," the judge said; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this."

COAL.

No doubt all of our little readers have seen and handled coal. You also know some of the uses to which it is put. But did you ever ask any person where and how it is obtained? You have perhaps never heard of the danger there is attending those who work in mines where this useful article is found.

Coal exists in layers beneath the surface of the ground. It is said to be formed from wood and vegetable remains, which have undergone a great change. Some pieces of coal look a great deal like wood, excepting in the color. This valuable article is found in different parts of the globe, and were it not for the large coal beds of England, that country would not be as wealthy as it now is. There, many million tons of coal are burned every year in the great manufactories; and if they had only wood to burn, their forests would soon be used up.

In order to get the coal out of the ground, deep holes are dug, into which the miners go and loosen the coal. It is then placed in buckets or boxes, and, by means of machinery made for the purpose, is raised to the surface of the ground. As the coal is taken out, timbers are generally placed in the mine to keep the ground from caving in on the work-

men. But sometimes these timbers become rotten, or in case of fire are burned, when the earth falls and buries, in many instances, those who are working below. In the picture we see some



laborers running away from the broken timbers and falling earth. How frightened they look, and well they may, for if once covered by the huge mass of earth above them, their death is almost certain!

In England many of the Saints work in the coal mines. On one occasion, some years ago, a brother was in one of these mines when a cave occurred in which he was crushed to the ground. When he was uncovered, it seemed as though every bone in his body was broken. The doctors said he could not live longer than a few minutes. But one of the Elders of this Church, who had great faith in God, came along, and, after anointing the injured brother with oil, administered to him. As he did so, the broken bones came together with a cracking noise, and he was made sound and well. Thus was the power of the Lord shown when the skill of man had failed.

Explosions occasionally occur in the coal-beds from what is called fire-damp. This is a kind of gas which has neither taste, smell nor color, but when set on fire, it burns with a pale, white flame. When a great quantity of fire-damp gathers in one place and then comes in contact with fire, it explodes, and often causes great loss of life.

These are some of the dangers, children, to which those brave men are exposed who obtain from the bowels of the earth the coal for us to burn.

A CHILD'S FAITH AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"OH, mother! what will you do?" said a bright little maiden of twelve years, as she came tripping into the house after carrying home some work her mother had finished that morning. "Mrs. Smith says she cannot let you have the flour she promised you, for, if she does, her own family will be short. I told her if she could only spare you a little, you would be glad, for father and brother had gone to the field without breakfast; but she said, no, she could not let you have it."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "did you go to the other places I told you of?"

"Yes, mother, but they are all entirely out of flour. The mill is broken, and grinding cannot be done for some time, so what will pa do when he comes for his dinner?"

"I do not know what to do," said the mother, "if I cannot get it where it is owing to me."

"Oh ma!" cried out little Jane, three years younger than her sister; "I know what you can do."

"What?" asked her mother.

"Why," said Jane, "you can do as you have done before. You can ask our Father in heaven to give us some. You know He always does, when you ask Him."

"Ess," cried little baby Johnny, three years old,

"ess, mamma, let's say pay's (prayers) and Dod will send some flour."

How the mother's heart rejoiced, as she clasped her children to her bosom, and thanked God for the precious gift of faith He had bestowed on her babes.

She then took her children by the hand, and knelt down and prayed to her Heavenly Father to give them that day their daily bread, and to let peace rest down on their father's heart, for he was troubled.

The children, though hungry, rose from their knees with cheerful faces.

"There," said Jane, "you will have flour in a short time, ma, for you always do when you ask our Father for it. He does not say no like some people do."

The father of the children, Joseph Hall, was an industrious, hard-working farmer; but he had lost all he owned, team, cows, crops and everything he possessed of farm property, in an Indian war; and he had struggled hard for several years to support his family, and to replace his team, that he might be able to raise another crop. His wife was always delicate in health; but being a milliner, she strove by working with her needle as much as possible to assist her husband in providing for her family. Her children being all small at the time of his losses, and requiring a good deal of attention, she was often obliged to sit up at night, after the rest had gone to bed, to finish her work. At such times, being over fatigued, her spirits would be-

come depressed, and she would sometimes be led to exclaim, "Why am I called to pass through such trying scenes of poverty, while my relatives are enjoying the luxuries of life?"

Such had been her thoughts on the morning in question; but when her husband came in to kiss the little ones good-bye before going to work, and she saw him look discouraged at not having been able to get them flour, she bade him good morning with a cheerful smile, and told him to come home early and she would have a nice dinner ready for him; but, having sent home her work, we see how, for the time being, she was disappointed.

After lifting her heart in prayer to God, she again took up her needle, while her little girls washed the dishes and swept the floor; but scarcely had she done so, when little Jane again came running into the room, crying out:

"Oh, ma! come and see; there is a girl coming up the garden with a big pan of flour! Didn't I tell you our Father would send some, ma? We must thank God for that."

Going into the kitchen, Mrs. Hall found one of the neighbor's children that wanted to get some fruit for flour. She gave the child the fruit, and took the flour with a thankful heart, realizing that what she had thought a trial was indeed a rich blessing, for it had taught her children a lesson of faith and confidence that they would not forget as they grew older. But that was not the end of their blessings, for, shortly after, two ladies who were owing Mrs. Hall for work, came and asked her as a

favor if she would take flour for her pay, as they had been disappointed in getting her the money. She told them she would.

When her husband came home at noon, she told him to look at the sack in the corner. He asked what was in it. She replied, "Flour."

"Whose is it?" he inquired.

"Ours."

"Why, mother," said he, "where did you get it?"

She told him all the events of the morning, and of Jane's faith and confidence in God. Mr. Hall asked if it was not about ten o'clock that she got the flour. She told him it was; "but why did he ask?"

Because, he told her, about that time he was so depressed in spirits that he could not work, and he prayed fervently to God that He would open the way that they might be able to get such things as they needed, and he said, "a spirit of peace rested on me from that time, and I knew that my prayers were answered."

They shed tears of thankfulness together, and acknowledged the truth of the words of the psalmist David, when he said: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

ANGEL WATCHERS.

It was evening, and the children,
Two bright, happy, laughing boys,
Were reminded it was bed-time—
They must cease their sport and noise.

Then a gentle, sweet-souled maiden,
Called the boys to be undressed;
And I heard her talking to them,
While preparing them for rest.

“You must let me wash your faces,”
(Words she murmured such as these);
“So that while the angels watch you,
They can kiss you if they please.”

Angel watchers kissing children:
Beautiful and happy thought!
Which the rosy, guileless cherubs,
Loving, trusting, quickly caught.

Silently they pondered o’er it,
Slily into bed they crept;
And with smiles their faces dimpled,
Angels watched them while they slept.

In the morning “mamma” found them,
Still so fresh, and sweet, and bright,
That it seemed the angel watchers,
Must have kissed them in the night.

NATURAL BRIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

FOR beautiful scenery and natural curiosities the continent of America undoubtedly surpasses any other portion of the world, as much as it does for the richness and variety of its climate and resources. Its extraordinary gold and silver deposits, its extensive coal fields, its mammoth caves, its boiling springs, its giant waterfalls, its buried cities, its subterranean lakes and forests, its enormous rivers, its lofty mountains, its great variety of climate, all combine to make it without an equal on any other portion of the globe; and year after year, owing to the extension of its railroad system, and the roaming disposition of a large number of its population, its natural wonders are becoming more widely known, and are beginning to attract more of the attention of travelers and pleasure seekers, with whom it was formerly the fashion to visit only, or almost exclusively, the romantic and classic portions of the eastern hemisphere—Greece, Italy, Switzerland, etc.

Since the arrival of the Pioneers in the valleys of Utah, the "Great American Desert," as it was called, has been almost all explored, and most of it settled; and the romantic scenery of the Great West has attained a world-wide celebrity. But this is not confined to the West, for in almost every section of the country, to the extreme limits

of the north, south, east and west, there are sights and scenes among nature's works which can scarcely be equalled, and which well repay a visit from the pleasure seeker and traveler.

Formerly, the *great* sight in this country for for-



eign travelers was the Falls of Niagara; but while these are still regarded as one of the grandest sights in America, and without an equal in the world, they have now many rivals, and scenes and sights in other sections are nearly as celebrated now as Niagara. We present you, in the above engrav-

ing, with an illustration of one of these—namely, the Natural Bridge in the State of Virginia. There are several bridges of this character in this country, two in California, one or more in New York, in Alabama and other localities, but this in Virginia is considered the most celebrated. It is in the south-eastern corner of Rockbridge County, and is regarded as one of the most singular natural curiosities of which the country can boast. By what force this peculiar formation was made is a matter that cannot be explained; but it is believed to have been caused by earthquake or the action of water. One side of the arch is two hundred feet high, the other side is two hundred and forty; the space between the two is nearly a hundred feet. The breadth of the bridge proper, or the roadway connecting the two sides of the arch, is sixty feet. The structure is of hard, solid limestone, and unless demolished by an earthquake or some other convulsion of nature, bids fair to stand and endure for many ages.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia has been a favorite resort of the great men of the nation, many of whom are said to have visited it, and left their initials on its rocky sides. Among others, it is said that the initials of the father of his country, George Washington, are carved thereon, showing, if true, that that great man, at some period of his busy and eventful life, found time to visit this natural curiosity of his native State.

NEVER SATISFIED.

A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dressed wife by his side;
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he passed:
The carriage, the couple, he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on the log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife:
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and
the health
Of the man who is sawing that wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked at the carriage—the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine;
And said, in a whisper, "I wish in my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her
work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world: whatever our lot,
Our mind and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we *have not*—
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

—o—

GOD'S POWER.

—

THE children of the Latter-day Saints are often told that the Lord hears and answers the prayers of those who have faith in Him. Persons who pray to God, gain strength to not only overcome their own weaknesses, but also to overcome the evil spirits that surround them here on the earth. An incident occurred in England some years ago, in which the power of God was shown in answer to silent prayer. An evil spirit was subdued, and that, too, at the request of a humble Elder of this Church. The circumstance is, in substance, as follows:

About the time that the principle of tithing was introduced to the Saints in Europe, and they were enjoined to perform their duty in this matter, a poor shoemaker, with his large family, resided there. He had been a faithful member of the Church for several years. His income from his daily labor was very small—barely sufficient to keep want away from his door. His faith in the doctrine of tithing was possibly not as strong as it afterwards became, and when some of the Elders visited him and pressed him rather strongly to pay his tithing, he became somewhat discouraged, and

requested one brother to erase his name from the records of the Church. The traveling Elder of whom this request was made, did not, however, comply, but told his friend that he would make a trip around his district before taking action in the affair, and would thus give him time for reflection.

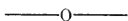
During the interval which elapsed between the visits of the traveling Elder, the Spiritualists came into the neighborhood and began to hold meetings. The wife of the shoemaker, who, with her children, had been desirous of retaining her standing in the Church, attended one of these meetings. She had not been there long before the table near which she was sitting began to move around the room. Some of those present began to ask questions and receive answers from the unseen spirits. The sister was also finally induced to make inquiries in regard to many things, and, to her astonishment, received correct answers to the same.

The poor shoemaker afterwards attended one of these meetings, but he could not feel contented in the place, because he knew the spirits present were not of God. He therefore silently prayed to God, while the table was being moved around by the evil spirits, craved forgiveness for his weakness in desiring excommunication, and then, in his mind, he rebuked the power of Satan and commanded it to leave the room. Instantly the table ceased to move, and all efforts to again set it in motion or receive answers from the spirits were of no avail.

This circumstance caused the heart of this hum-

ble brother to swell with joy, and by the time that the traveling Elder again visited him, he was ready to pay his tithing and to heed all counsel which the servants of God gave him.

This man is now a resident of Utah, and a faithful member of the Church. He has grown up sons and daughters in full fellowship. He, doubtless, often recalls this instance where the power of God was exhibited at his humble and silent prayer.



PAUL THE APOSTLE.



THE history of the Apostle Paul is one of the most interesting and thrilling that was ever written. The life of this noble man after his baptism was one continual scene of adventure and excitement. Scorned by those who formerly were proud of his society, hated by those who had been his co-religionists, he sought in the labors to which his Redeemer had called him, that peace and joy which the world denied him.

Paul, who previous to his conversion to the gospel was called by the Hebrew name, Saul, was a native of Tarsus, which was the metropolis of Cilicia, and situated about three hundred miles distant from Jerusalem. It was the custom in those times for the inhabitants of Tarsus to send their children to some other city for learning and improvement. Thus it happened that Paul was sent to Jerusalem and studied in the school of the

eminent rabbi, Gamaliel. He was undoubtedly a very diligent pupil, for as a Latin and Hebrew scholar he gained great distinction, and his superior knowledge of the law of Moses was recognized even by his most bitter opponents.

It was the usual practice among the Jews at that early period to teach their children some trade, so that in case of necessity each child could sustain himself by the work of his own hands. Hence it was that this great apostle learned how to make tents, by which employment he was enabled at times in his ministerial labors to provide himself with the necessities of life.

The first action in which Paul was engaged, as recorded in holy writ, is where he and his countrymen consented to and were present at the martyrdom of Stephen. How far he was concerned in the cruel death of this just man, we are not informed, further than that "the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." We are told, however, that the young man "made havoc of the Church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison." Led by Satan, he allowed no opportunity to pass unnoticed of doing the work of God injury, until arrested in his reckless course by the revelation of Jesus to him as he was on his way to Damascus.

This was the turning point in his career. From this time on, his whole energy was devoted to the building up of that which he formerly sought to destroy. That he had sincerely believed he was

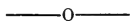
doing God's will in persecuting the Saints, his subsequent labors amply prove.

Henceforth he was very zealous in his preaching, and his extensive knowledge of ecclesiastical law and his acquaintance with former prophecies enabled him to bring arguments in defense of the position he had assumed which were irrefutable. This irritated the Jews to the highest degree. They sought in every way to injure him. Finally, after he had labored some two or three years in Damascus, the Jews prevailed upon the governor to consent to his death. But now they could not capture him, as his friends, of whom he had a great many in the place, were careful to conceal him; and after finding that the gates of the city were guarded to prevent his escape, they let him down over the wall in a basket.

His subsequent labors extended over a large tract of country. In a short article like this, it would be impossible to follow this true disciple in all his travels, or describe the labors which he performed. Suffice it to say that he was always ready to perform the will of his Father, and even the prospect of death did not cause him to hesitate one moment in the performance of the duties assigned him.

While visiting the Saints at Jerusalem, Paul was accused before Felix of sedition, heresy and the profanation of the temple. Tertullus, his accuser, made a short speech against him, and then permission was granted Paul of replying to the accusation. This he did in such a manner as

to cause Felix to suspend judgment for the time, and thus an opportunity was afforded Paul of defending himself and bearing testimony of the truth before higher officers of the government.



MURMUR NOT.

MURMUR not, although the sunshine
May not light thy path of care;
Murmur not, for know that always
Gloomy clouds are "here and there;"
Murmur not, for clouds will scatter
Rain upon the thirsty soil,
And without these blessings, labor
Would be vain, with all thy toil.

Murmur not, but work with patience,
Soon the gloom will pass away;
Murmur not, and soon the sunshine
On thy path will shed a ray;
Murmur not, though gloomy shadows
Load thy weary heart with care,
But remember that forever
There is sunshine, "here and there."

Murmur not, but work with willing
Hands and heart, and steady brain;
Murmur not, but fight to conquer
On life's hard-trod battle plain.
Murmur not, though on life's journey,
You must pass o'er rugged hills;
Murmur not: the only pleasant
Murmur comes from brooks and rills.

HOW MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

WHEN I was a little boy like many of my readers, my parents were very kind to me and taught me correct principles, that I might grow up to be a good man. One of the many things they taught me was to pray every night before going to bed. This I did, and many times I have had my prayers answered. I write this piece to show how the Lord answered my prayers at one time.

Often on nice moonlight nights in the summer, I could hear boys like myself playing and laughing on the streets, and on the Sabbath I saw boys going fishing instead of going to Sunday school. Sometimes I felt that I would like to join them in their sports, but my parents would not allow me to do so.

I thought they were too strict, and at times I would pout around for an hour at a time. I was also cross, and would not answer anyone in a pleasant manner. To make a bad matter worse, I sometimes told my mother she was cross and unkind. Once I told her I wished she was as good to me as J—'s mother was to him. This made her feel bad—to think that she had done everything she could for my comfort, had cared for me in times of sickness, had done all in her power to make me happy, and these were the thanks she was to receive!

She told me the result of such a course, and begged me to do better; to be kind to my parents,

brothers and sisters, thus making them happy as well as myself.

Her talk had but little effect upon me. Instead of getting better I became worse, until it was quite uncommon to hear me speak pleasantly.

One night, as usual, I knelt down by my bedside to pray. In my prayer I asked the Lord to help me to be a better boy.

Some time after this, I dreamed that I was called to my mother's room. My father, brothers and sisters were all there crying. I soon saw the cause of it. My loving mother, who had been so kind to me, and whom I had treated so badly, was dead.

All I had said and done flashed through my mind in a moment. Throwing my arms around her neck, I kissed her and wept bitterly. For the first time in a long while I could appreciate a mother's love and kindness. I was sorry for the course I had taken, and said if she was alive again I would do all that I could to make her happy.

My own cries and sobs woke me up. Imagine my feelings, if you can, when I found I had been dreaming; that my mother was not dead, and that I would have the chance of doing what I thought in my dream I would do if she were alive.

I have tried to keep the promise that I made in my dream, and have been happy in doing so.

The Lord answered my prayer by sending me a dream which made me a better boy.

I hope my young readers will remember this and be kind to their parents, for we do not know at what time they may be called to leave us.

K E E P .

KEEP to the right, the law directs,
Keep from the world thy friends' defects.
Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes,
Keep from thine eyes the motes and beams.
Keep true thy deeds, thy honor bright,
Keep firm thy faith in God and right.
Keep free from every sin and stain,
Keep from the ways that bring thee pain.
Keep free thy tongue from words of ill,
Keep right thy aim and good thy will.
Keep all thy acts from passion free,
Keep strong in hope, nor envious be.
Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand,
Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand.
Keep true thy word, a sacred thing,
Keep from the snares the tempter brings.
Keep faith with each you call a friend,
Keep full in view the final end.
Keep from all hate and malice free,
Keep strong the love of liberty.
Keep firm thy courage, bold and strong,
Keep up the right, keep down the wrong.
Keep well the words of wisdom's school,
Keep warm by night, by day keep cool.

THE QUAKERS.

MOST of our readers have doubtless heard of a religious sect of people called Quakers. The founder of this religious order was George Fox, the son of a weaver, and himself an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker. His master owned sheep and George was set by him to watch them. He passed much of his time in early youth in prayer and reading the Bible, and fasted frequently to know the right way. He sought for knowledge among the various sects; but became convinced that they were all wrong. What to do he did not know, and many nights he walked all night long in the fields by himself, in misery too great to be declared. He was almost tempted to become an infidel, to deny the existence of a God, and to adopt the idea that "all things come by nature;" but a true voice arose within him, and said, "there is a living God." The clouds of darkness rolled away; his soul was cheered and filled by light from heaven; he enjoyed the sweetness of repose, and from that time forward he never doubted. He came to the conclusion that the truth was to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul, and he went about preaching and proclaiming unto the people against the many sins that prevailed.

On one occasion, a preacher to whom he listened,

took for his text the words of Peter: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy." The preacher told the people that this meant the scriptures. George Fox cried out, "O no! it is not the scriptures; it is the Spirit." For his zeal in preaching and attacking religious sects he was cast into prison, and greatly persecuted, and even threatened with death; but preach he would, and nothing but death could stop him. Fox was very severe upon the hireling ministry; he did not believe that any man should preach for money, but that ministers should not be employed, and that men should speak as the Spirit moves them. To this day, the Quakers have no ministers; they go to meeting and sit in silence until some one, either male or female, is moved upon to speak; and when the time comes to dismiss, they walk away, not unfrequently without a word having been said in the whole meeting.

At one time a doctor of divinity had finished preaching from the words: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come, buy without money!" George Fox felt moved to say to him: "Come down, thou deceiver! dost thou bid the people come to the waters of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them? the Spirit is a free teacher."

The Quakers quote the scriptures to prove that the patriarchs were men who tended flocks; that the prophets were mechanics and shepherds; that the apostles were fishermen; that John the Baptist was clad in a rough garment of camel's hair,

and that Jesus Himself was reared under the roof of a carpenter, and the messengers of His choice were rustics. Fox taught true republicanism. He taught his followers to let their communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. They were not to swear; they were not to go to war; they were not to enslave their fellows; they were not to use titles, but when they spoke to each other, to address by the title of "friend," and to use the pronouns "thou" and "thee," instead of the plural pronoun "you;" to be very plain in their dress and in their food. These are peculiarities which still exist among the Quakers. Among other things they refuse to put off their hats; they regard all men as being created equal, and, therefore, wear their hats in the presence of kings, judges and all dignitaries, as an evidence of equality; and they think that they ought not to do homage to their fellow men, but to bow to God alone.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, Quakers were called in the province of Massachusetts, "the accursed sect;" and the people who entertained them were fined. For being a Quaker, on the first conviction, the man or woman would lose one ear; for the second, the other ear; for the third, the tongue was bored with a red hot iron. This law, however, was soon repealed, and was never printed; but a penalty was imposed upon every person who should be present at a Quaker meeting, or who should speak at such meetings. Quakers were banished from the jurisdiction, and if they did not leave, they were to be killed. Three

of them were executed for this cause. Afterwards a man named William Leddra was put upon trial for not leaving the colony. While the trial was proceeding, Wenlock Christison, who had been banished on pain of death, entered the court. The judges were struck with dismay at seeing him; for they found their threatenings could not frighten the Quakers. They desired Leddra to accept his life and leave the colony. He refused, and was hung. Christison was then brought up to receive the death sentence. He demanded of the judges by what law he was to be put to death. They replied: "We have a law, and by it you are to die." Wenlock said: "So said the Jews to Jesus Christ; but who empowered you to make that law?" They answered: "We have a patent, and we make our own laws." He again inquired: "Can you make laws repugnant to those of England?" They replied, "No." Then said he: "You have gone beyond your bounds; I demand to be tried by the laws of England, and there is no law there to hang Quakers." The magistrates were divided in pronouncing sentence, the vote was put the second time, and there appeared a majority for the doom of death. Wenlock asked them: "What do you gain by taking a Quaker's life? If you have power to take my life, God can raise up ten witnesses in my stead." The magistrates finally became convinced of their error. Wenlock Christison, with twenty-seven of his friends, was discharged from prison and the persecutions against the Quakers ceased.

It is the occasion of the trial of Christison which the engraving represents. The Quaker's questions were highly exasperating to the court, yet not



more so than his defiance in persisting to wear his hat, which he refused to doff even to the representatives of his king.

LITTLE THINGS.

A *little thing*! How oft that word
We hear from young and gay;
Events which fill our daily lives,
Are "little things," they say.
Ah, did we know the weary pain
A little fault might bring;
We'd pause a moment, ere we dared
Call it a little thing.

It may be but a hasty word,
A cross or angry tone,
The little woe that prompted it,
Ere it is spoke is gone;
But to the loving heart it wounds,
The sorrow long will cling,
The pain your thoughtless words impart
Is not a *little* thing.

Remember, too, the loving Lord
Looks ever calmly down
To give each action and each thought
His blessing or His frown.
That hasty word recorded is
Where holy angels sing,
Their sinless hearts are pained by it,
Is that a little thing?

A mother's kiss, a sister's smile,
A golden summer's day,
Appear but little things to us,
To cheer our onward way;
But love and joy and thankfulness,
These gifts were meant to win;
Your Heavenly Father sent you each,
Not as a little thing.

Oh! who can tell the wondrous chain
Which on each day may hang;
Reaching from when their morning hymn
The stars of morning sang,
Through countless ages, till the time
Of which the angels sing!
Can any link of this great chain
Be called a little thing?

Know that each hour of life is fraught
With endless good or ill,
No act but with its consequence
The universe may fill;
Then, till with angel vision clear
We with the angels sing,
Let us not dare to say of aught,
"It is a little thing."

THROWING A CHILD INTO THE GANGES.

HERE we have a beautiful engraving representing a most barbarous and unnatural practice, once very common among the natives of Hindostan—



namely, a mother throwing her infant into the Ganges. Children reared in Christian lands cannot think of anything more cruel than infanticide, or the killing of newborn, or very young, helpless children; and yet, in India and China, and perhaps other Asiatic countries, this has long been practiced.

In so-called Christian countries infant murder

is not uncommon; but public sentiment is strong in its denunciation, and its perpetrators, when discovered, are severely punished. But this has not been the case in India, for there it has been sanctioned by public sentiment, and this constituted one of the main features of its terrible enormity.

Female children were those most commonly slain, for women, in some of the countries of Asia, are treated with so little respect, that the birth of a daughter has been regarded almost as a reproach or disgrace, and countless numbers of them have been killed at their birth, or very soon after.

You are all aware, probably, that the natives of Hindostan are what Christians call idolators, or Pagans; they do not believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, or the Savior of the world. They also have various gods—images—which they worship. The river Ganges, the largest stream of water in India—is regarded by them as sacred, and its water is often carried long distances, the natives believing that it possesses wonderful virtues. So great has been the superstition of the people in this respect, that formerly it was not an uncommon occurrence for people who had been long married without having children, to dedicate their first-born to some imaginary personage, whom they regarded as the god or presiding deity of the river. This dedication consisted in throwing the child into the Ganges, as you see in the engraving, where it was almost sure to be drowned, or devoured by the crocodiles plentiful in its waters.

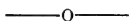
How fearfully unnatural and cruel for parents thus to serve their helpless offspring! It was in Rajpootana, formerly a powerful nation in Hindostan, that the murder of the female children was most common. Parents would consign their unfortunate little daughters to the dark waters of the river to save the expense of rearing and providing for them. But Rajpootana is now under British rule, and that government, being Christian and civilized, would not tolerate the practice of infant murder among its subjects, and for years this cruel custom has been prohibited by law.

The conquest of Hindostan by the British is one of the most remarkable military achievements recorded in history. In the seventeenth century, a small company of English merchants obtained permission from one of the Indian rulers to establish a trading post in his possessions, and in about a century and a half from that time, the work commenced by those traders culminated in the subjection to British rule of a hundred and fifty millions of people, comprising many different nations, with different customs and religions; and now Hindostan is the most populous and wealthy portion of what are called the British possessions, in all the world.

The British rulers of Hindostan, in the exercise of their power over the various nations once existing within its borders, have wisely refrained from forcibly interfering with the religions and customs of the natives, except where the absolute commission of crime was involved therein. The murder

of infants, whether as sacrifices to the heathen gods or deities of India, or otherwise, being not only cruel, but awfully criminal, has been prohibited by law; and if infant murder is practiced at all now, it is with as much secrecy as in Christian lands, and they who are guilty of it, if discovered, have to endure the penalty of the law for the crime.

This is one great reform wrought among the Hindoos by their British conquerors; many others have been effected, one of which is the abolition of "suttee," or the burning of widows with the bodies of their dead husbands, regarded by the Hindoos as a very sacred religious rite.



THE LETTER OF LIFE.

YOUTH is the page on which we write;
Oh! let our words be few and firm,
Our acts replete with conscious right,
Our thoughts, of honesty the germ.

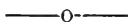
Maturity completes the verse
Of our brief correspondence; then,
Better the page be blank, than worse;
So, wisely let us wield the pen.

Old age the "postscript" adds at last,—
May memory broach no slighted debt:
No dark reproach upon the past
May conscience bring, nor one regret.

WINNING HIS PLUMES.

A CIVILIZED young gentleman considers the time when he first adopts the coat and hat of manhood, an important one. As far as outside appearance goes, it shows that he, at least, thinks he is no longer a boy, and he expects to be treated as a young gentleman. The young Indian is not particularly troubled about hat and pantaloons, yet he has his peculiar way of showing his claim to be considered a young warrior—which, among the Indians, is the same as a young gentleman. So, instead of going to the tailor or hatter for the emblems to show that he has left the state of boyhood, he puts on eagles' feathers. You think that it would be an easy enough matter for the young Indian to shoot an eagle and secure the feathers. So it would be, but that is not the way it is done. Feathers obtained in this way will not pass muster. Custom requires that the young savage shall, if he would claim a place among the "big Injuns," pluck his feathers from a living bird—in fact, win his plumes in a personal struggle with their rightful owner—the eagle. The Indian is allowed no advantage over the bird, but each must fight with the weapons nature gave him. As the eagle has great strength, sharp claws, and a formidable beak, it will be seen that the young Indian has no slight task before him. The first point is to get at the

eagle; to do this, the savage finds a hollow place in the ground, or makes one, large enough to hold him. The top of the hole is covered with sticks, so that he is completely hidden. A rabbit, which serves as a bait, is fastened upon the sticks; when the eagle sees the rabbit, and comes swooping down after his prey, he is caught by the legs by the concealed Indian. Then comes the struggle. It is not easy to see how, with one hand required to hold the claws, and the other to defend himself from the beak, the young warrior is to get the much coveted plumes. We may think that feathers from a dead eagle would answer just as well; but the Indians look upon it differently, and hold that the youngster who wishes to be considered a warrior, must first show his strength and courage. If a set-to with a full grown eagle will not test these, we do not know what will.



A LESSON ON ORDER.

I REMEMBER when I was a little ten year old girl, putting things to rights for my grandmother in her bedroom. A few moments afterwards, I was sitting with my hands folded, in a thoughtful way, when the good old lady said: "Don't you feel well to-day, dear?"

"Not very; I feel downhearted," I said, looking up into her cheery face.

"Well, I can tell you what's the matter," said the shrewd little diplomat; "I wasn't going to tell

you, but I'd better do it than have you sick. I observed in my bedroom that you folded a couple of quilts and some sheets and my plaid shawl, and piled them on the trunk at the foot of my bed, and none of them were folded evenly, and that's what ails you. My mother told me when I was a little girl, if I did such work in a careless, slovenly way, I would feel badly until they were folded right, and I always found her words to be true. It may be that this is hereditary in our family; I don't know, it seems like it."

I sprang to my feet and went to work and folded every quilt and sheet just as evenly as the edges could lie, and piled them up until they fitted together as snugly as a pile of books. Sure! I felt well enough after that! My thoughts were as calm and snug as the bed-clothes were.

Oh, I was so glad grandmother had told me; I thought if she hadn't, I might have gone on feeling "downhearted," may be for weeks and months.

Well, the habit of folding quilts, sheets, blankets, table linen, shawls, wraps and such things, even and nicely, became fixed so firmly, and followed me up to womanhood so persistently, that to-day, if I fold my shawl carelessly, I feel annoyed until I go and remedy the delinquency. I can see now the motive my sly little grandmother had in holding up before my youthful imagination the enormity of this fault, and I do most cordially thank her for it.

I WILL TRY.

THERE is a society in London known as the "Society of Arts." Its object is the encouragement of talent in the department of art. Prizes are awarded by the Society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humbler artisans for improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, etc.

More than a half century ago, a little fellow named Willie Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the Society's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. "Look you, William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours."

"Do you really think so, mother?" asked William.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "I saw some paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your chamber."

William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls of the next exhibition."

"Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

"O mother, do you think I should stand any chance of success?"

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother. "You can but try."

"And I will try mother, dear," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I can make a picture."

"What is it, William?"

"The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him. He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. He behaved insolently before the king at Smithfield, and was struck down by Walworth, mayor of London, and then dispatched by the king's attendants."

"It is a bold subject, William; but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it."

"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."

"To be sure you can, William. So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the society for the best historical painting."

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381; he learned how the king and the noblemen used to dress; and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and workmen, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned which sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly

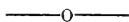
with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons present at the scene—the king and his attendants, Walworth, the mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch on paper, and obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing anything that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But after many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in pictures arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including some ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result with a beating heart. What a gratified mother she was, when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical picture was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled, "The Death of Wat Tyler."

When it was found that William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age was a novelty and surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the Duke's chair, and he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He became at length Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the queen, having risen to fortune and fame, by carrying out with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother of "I will try."



THE "NAKED TRUTH."

'T was just past noon, one summer's day,
When Truth was plodding on his way
To the next town, to see a friend,
And there a party to attend.
Leisurely he walked along,
Listening to the bird's sweet song,
And to the murm'ring stream that flowed
Along beside the dusty road.
"This sun is very warm!" quoth he,
"I'll take a seat beneath this tree.
Its pleasant shade I can't resist,
Inviting me to take a rest."
So, prone upon the ground he sat,
And fanned himself with his straw hat.
He had not thus been sitting long
When Falsehood chanced to come along,

And, seeing Truth, beside him sat;
And straight the two began to chat.
" 'Tis very warm, I do declare!
And, if the time you can but spare,
We'll have a bath," Falsehood proposed,
" That is, if *you* feel so disposed."
" Agreed!" cried Truth; " in this clear stream
Is just the place to have a swim!"
Each strips himself of all his clothes,
And in the placid water goes.
" How cool this is!" cried Truth with glee,
And straight across the stream swam he:
But, looking back, to his surprise,
Saw Falsehood — could he believe his eyes?—
Upon the other shore, and dressed
In Truth's own clothing of the best.
In vain did Truth the scamp demand
To leave his clothes upon the sand.
He would not listen to a word,
No more than if he had not heard,
But finished dressing and went on
The road until he reached the town.
Disguised as Truth, Falsehood went out,
Deceiving many thereabout;
While honest Truth, ashamed to wear
Falsehood's clothes, of course went bare.
And now, you see, my smiling youth,
Whence came the saying, " Naked Truth."

JOSEPH, AS A SAVIOR.

“WHERE there is no vision the people perish.” Men appear to have recognized the importance of revelation from the earliest ages, and they have accepted dreams and visions as premonitions and warnings from the Gods. When Pharaoh awoke from his dreams he does not appear to have had a doubt as to their importance. The narrative tells us “his spirit was troubled.” The fact that Joseph had been an interpreter of dreams to the officers of Pharaoh, while they were in prison, was welcome news when made known to the king. He was in trouble, and had no one to help him. “Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph.”

A great national calamity was at hand. Although the king did not comprehend its nature, he, as the head of the nation, felt the full force of it pressing upon his spirit. The God of all the earth knows how to teach lessons to the proudest monarchs, by methods peculiarly His own.

When Joseph was called, he soon made known to the king who was dealing with him: “God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do.” And how plainly were the impending calamities in the future history of Egypt shown! And how meekly stood the savior of that nation before Pharaoh and his court, to reveal to the monarch the methods by which salvation could be obtained for the people! No wonder the king was filled with admira-

tion, and the court with wild enthusiasm. What a moment, too, for "the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof," who had failed to inter-

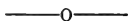


pret Pharaoh's dream! What a humiliation to them to hear their master declare to Joseph, "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art."

Joseph was invested with all the insignia of office as a ruler, with all the pomp and display of eastern courts. The proclamation was made with trumpets and cymbals, as shown in the picture; and "Pharaoh said unto Joseph, see, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

Of the great importance of the services rendered by Joseph to the Egyptians as a nation, the king was evidently sensible; the offices conferred upon him by Pharaoh proved this. He took off his ring from his own hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and caused the gold chain of office to be placed upon his neck. This was the ordinary mode of investiture, in those days, of a grand vizier, or superior officer, as it is now in many eastern countries. But this was not all; he made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt, and created for him a special office, and gave him a name indicative of the powers he held, in a manner that must have shown to the whole people the high estimation in which Joseph was held. We are told "Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah." Now the writer of the narrative does not tell us what that name meant, but other writers do. It was an Egyptian name, which means salvation, or "the savior of the world." By "the world," the Egyptians meant their own nation, for they were a proud people, who considered that outside of Egypt the whole world was barbarian. But the Lord had intentions in relation to Israel, some of which were exhibited during the life and reign of one of the successors of the Pharaoh

who thus honored Joseph. God had not forgotten His promise to Abraham: "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."



THE ALTAR OF THE "UNKNOWN GOD."

WE call those nations heathen who worship idols or images. The heathen nations worship things that cannot hear and see and speak, and instead of serving the living and true God, who made the heavens and the earth, they worship gods of wood and stone. Some worship the sun and moon, and some worship animals.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had a god or goddess for every season of the year, and for almost every occasion. For instance, Vertumnus was the god of spring, Flora the goddess of flowers, Somnus the god of sleep, Aurora goddess of the morning, Mars the god of war, etc.

In Rome, a long time ago, there was a large building called the Pantheon, which was said to contain thirty thousand deities or gods, at one time. The people must have been very attentive to even learn the names of such a multitude of gods and goddesses. But this was the business of priests—it is not probable that the people had much to do with it.

The incident I am going to relate happened a little more than eighteen hundred years ago, in Athens, the great city of ancient Greece. At that time the people were in the constant habit of offer-

ing sacrifices to their imaginary gods. Their sacrifices were placed on altars, which were made for that purpose, and kept in an enclosure. Each altar was dedicated to a particular god.

The morning was the time for the priests to offer sacrifice, and the sheep that were to be offered were turned into the enclosure where the altars were, each night before they were to be offered in the morning.

It is natural for sheep when they lie down, to get close to something against which to recline when they sleep; and the sheep that were turned in among those altars would gather around, and each one select for itself an altar, beside which to repose. The priests, not knowing which of their numerous gods required sacrifices, took it for granted that each sheep should be offered to that god at whose altar it had lain during the night; and wherever they found the sheep lying in the morning, there they sacrificed it. The fact that the sheep had chosen the altar, was considered a proof that the god to whom that altar was dedicated, claimed the offering.

It happened, one morning, that when the priests went forth to offer the morning sacrifices, they found one sheep lying at a distance from all of the altars. It was a new and strange occurrence, and the priests were greatly alarmed and did not know what was to be done with that sheep. They were afraid that there was one god of whom they had not heard, and that he wanted that sheep sacrificed to him. They did not know anything

about him, and how could they build an altar to his name?

Fearing the displeasure of the unknown being, after consulting together they at last hit on the following ingenious measure, which was speedily adopted.

They erected an altar directly over the place where they found the lone sheep lying, and dedicated it to the "Unknown God," and put this singular inscription on it, and offered the sheep upon the altar.

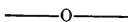
That very altar is the one mentioned in the New Testament, in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 17, commencing at verse 22, where the apostle Paul in preaching to the Athenians said:

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

The apostle described the living God to the people, telling them that He was the great Creator of heaven and earth—that He made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth—that they were His offspring, and they should worship Him instead of worshiping what was made of gold and silver, wood and stone. He preached to them about Jesus and the resurrection of the dead.

Some of the people that heard him preach, made light of it and mocked, while others believed and

were baptized for the remission of their sins, forsaking the altars and senseless worship of imaginary gods that neither hear nor see, for the worship of Him, who will call all men to judgment and reward them according to their works.



USEFULNESS.



THE little laughing stream that strays
So merrily down the mountain ways,
Has its own work to do.
Its burden of fresh and fragrant earth,
To strengthen the spent soil and feed its dearth:
To its mission it is true.

But if the little stream should say—
“I will not throw my wealth away;
Here will I pause and rest;”
No longer pure, no longer true,
It could not mirror heaven’s blue
On its dark and sluggish breast.

O thus, if we our lives employ
In giving unto others joy,
Then, singing as we go,
Our lives shall flow in melody,
Unto the deep heart of the sea,
Whither all fountains flow.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

"HELLO, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."

The train was waiting at the station of one of our western railroads. The baggage-master was busy with his checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, hastily securing seats, while the locomotive snorted and puffed.

A man, carelessly dressed, was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame, and at a hasty glance one might have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence.

The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

"Hello, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind."

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual, and he resumed his seemingly listless air.

"Ali aboard!" cried the conductor. "Get on, Limpy!" said he, passing the carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the

lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, walked quietly in, and took a seat.

The train had gone a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Your ticket, quick!"

"I don't pay," replied the lame man quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No, sir."

"We'll see about that; I shall put you off at the next station;" and he seized a valise which was over the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the quiet stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing that he could do no more then, passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers.

As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up to the conductor and asked:

"Do you know to whom you were speaking?"

"No, sir."

"That is Peter Warburton, the president of this road."

"Are you sure?" asked the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fares as usual.

Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat; none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what the next movement in the scene would be.

And he; of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which perhaps had come through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it? And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen to the position he now held. When a little orange peddler he stood by the street crossings, he had had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; should he care now for a stranger's roughness or taunt?

Those who sat near him waited curiously for the end. Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side; he took his books from his pocket, the bank bills and the tickets he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

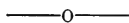
"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The president looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning him to the vacant seat, said:

"Sit down, sir; I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the president turned to him a face in which there were no angry feelings, and spoke to him in an undertone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter, but you have been imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been injurious to the company. I might tell the directors of this, but I will not. But in the future, remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir. I shall tell no one of what has happened. If you change your course, nothing that has passed shall injure you. Your situation is continued. Good morning, sir."



"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN."

WE know of no man whom the Lord has appointed to tempt his fellowmen. That is the devil's work, not ours, and he who aids the devil in his work, may expect to share his condemnation.

This, however, was not the doctrine or practice of the scribes and Pharisees in the days when Jesus dwelt on the earth. They seemed to regard it as their especial mission to tempt the Savior to say or do anything by which they might accuse Him, either of disregarding the law of Moses, or being disloyal to their Roman masters. In their councils they plotted and planned so cunningly that they often imagined they had set the trap so adroitly that there was no way in which He could escape their snare. But they as often discovered

that the wisdom of God was far above all their craft and deceit, and there were ways of making manifest their folly, that they had never dreamed of or considered.



Our engraving illustrates one of these occasions. It is narrated by the apostle John in his gospel. It appears that early one morning Jesus went in the temple at Jerusalem, and there the people fol-

lowed Him, and He sat down and taught them. By and by the scribes and Pharisees brought unto Him a woman whom they found committing so grievous a sin that, according to the law of the Lord, given through Moses, her punishment would be death. The man that sinned with her, they, after the way of the world, had permitted to go unrebuked. Then they placed the woman in the midst of the temple, before all the people whom Jesus was teaching, and said unto Him: Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act; now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting Him, that they might be able to accuse Him.

But Jesus stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground, as though He heard them not. So when they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And He again stooped down and wrote on the ground. Now, when the accusers of the woman heard these words, they were convicted by their own consciences, each one knowing that he was guilty of sin, even of this same sin of which they accused her. And one by one they went out, beginning at the eldest even unto the last; and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

When Jesus had lifted up Himself and saw none but the woman, He said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man con-

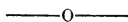
demned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go and sin no more.

As Jesus spake unto this poor sinful woman, so does His gospel cry unto all of us, "go and sin no more." This is the pith and essence of repentance. If we have done wrong let us do so no more. If we, as children, have disobeyed our parents, have broken the Sabbath, have taken the name of God in vain, have abused anyone or done aught else that is sinful, let us pray to the Lord to forgive us, and ask Him for strength that we may not commit the same evils again. If we make an effort to do this, He will hear us, grant our request and strengthen us to do His will.

There is another lesson taught by our Savior in the words: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her." It is, that those who are sinners should not be too ready to accuse others. These Pharisees came to Jesus, confident that they were about to entrap Him. They were full of self righteousness. "I am holier than thou," was the expression each carried on his face. But what was the truth? Each one had sinned, each one had forfeited his life by the express conditions of that very law which they hypocritically pretended to live by, to uphold, and by which they judged others. But Jesus, by these simple words, made them accusers of themselves. Their sin was as manifest as that of the woman, and one by one they withdrew in shame from His presence, and

from the confines of the holy temple which they desecrated.

Again, there is one thing that must be remembered. It is, that though Jesus did not condemn this woman, still we, from that fact, have no liberty given unto us to sin. The law of God is righteous, and Jesus, if it had so pleased Him, could have assented to their statement that the woman was worthy of death. But He chose rather to make manifest the still greater wickedness of those who tempted Him, and sought thereby to accuse Him and accomplish His destruction.



WORK AND THINK.

HAMMER, tongs and anvil ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In their deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty labor's iron song.

From a thousand fly-wheels bounding,
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.

Listen, workmen, to their play;
There's advice in every clink;
Still they're singing, still they're singing:
"Whilst you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs you were formed,
If, in aid of bone and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,

Mighty thoughts ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hopes perish?
Why shall ye mind fortune's frown?

Do ye wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germs have—work and think!

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse, from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for pelf, or soul for pay!

Think! Oh! be machines no longer,
Toiling just for daily food.
Think!—'t will make you fresher, stronger,
Link you to the great and good!

Thought exalts and lightens labor;
Thought forbids the soul to sink;
Self-respect and love to neighbor
Mark the men who work and think.

A TEMPTATION.

IN 1856, there were about twenty-four Elders from Utah on missions in the Sandwich Islands. With the exercise of severe economy, the abilities of the Saints and their own faith were often taxed for the necessary means to accomplish their labors.

Four of the Elders—Joseph F. Smith, F. M. Young, George Spiers and myself—at the time the following events took place, were laboring on the island of Hawaii. The time for our next general conference was approaching. It was to take place on the small island of Lanai.

To reach there, it was necessary for us to raise five dollars each to pay our passage by sea. We had about one hundred and fifty miles to travel on foot, on the island of Hawaii, to reach the little hamlet of Upolu, on the northern coast, where we were to embark for Lahaina, on the island of Maui, from which place we would complete our journey of sixteen miles in an open boat.

It was expected that the Elders laboring in the ministry, and especially those from Utah, would attend these conferences. These reunions were sources of great pleasure and profit. After them, we always resumed our labors among the people with an increase of faith, and a renewal of our spiritual strength.

It was at this time a matter of serious considera-

tion how to raise the necessary funds to attend this conference.

Our route across the island of Hawaii would take us through a number of small branches of the Saints, where our necessities with regard to food would be supplied; but they were poor, and for this reason our chances for raising funds among them for our sea voyage were very meagre. We preached to the people, and made known our necessities.

These poor Saints would show their desire to assist us by donating some article that would bring a little money, when we could find a market for it. Most generally the donation consisted of a goat skin, worth about twelve cents and a half. These we packed up and carried with us on our backs, until we could dispose of them.

Part way on our journey was the house of one of the brethren, where we sometimes rested in our travels. This house was about three miles from the foot trail we were traveling, and on a wagon road which led from the interior of the island to a landing place on the sea-shore, where the natives marketed their produce.

At this house, some of us had previously left some books and light articles, which we were desirous of taking with us. I was selected by the brethren to go across the country to the wagon road, get our things and return to the trail.

After arriving on the road I found a man's coat, which had evidently been lost by some one in going to or from the landing. In it I found a pock-

et-book, and, what surprised me, just the amount of money necessary to pay our expenses to the place where the conference was to be held.

The first thought was, that it was a God-send—a kindly providence—to assist us in our emergency. I looked around to see if any person could have seen me pick up the coat. I thought of turning back and not going to the house after the books, which was still farther on the road towards the landing.

Under these impulses, I started across the country, to overtake the brethren. On the way, there were plenty of rocks under which I could bury the coat without any chance of its ever being found. I had not gone far, when the query came into my mind: "Perhaps this money, instead of being a God-send, has been thrown in your way for a temptation."

For a time, I was operated on by these two influences. Under one influence I would start to go to the brethren, then the other would come over me, and I would return. I finally decided that the Lord would not assist us, as His servants, in taking advantage of the misfortunes of another.

This impression was effectual in deciding my course. I returned to the road, and went on to the house where we had left our things. I found the name of the owner of the coat on some papers in the pocket-book. I found the mistress of the house at home, and related the circumstance to her.

She informed me that the man who owned the coat lived about fifty miles from there, that he was

below at the landing, and would probably pass there that day on his way back. I counted the money to the woman, wrote a note to the owner, took the things for which I went, and, without any more hesitation, traveled on to overtake the brethren.

At first, I told them how I had found the money that would take us to our destination. Their first impression was the same as mine had been; but when I related to them the circumstances, they all decided that what I had done was right.

We continued on our way, rejoicing, and with much faith that the Lord would bless our efforts to get to Lanai. When we arrived at the landing-place, on the sea shore, we learned that it would be a week before the vessel in which we expected to sail would arrive.

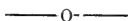
Living about twenty-five miles from the landing, was a man who had often befriended the Elders, and who was also possessed of considerable means. We concluded that while waiting for the vessel, we would make him a visit. We did so, and were kindly received.

In the course of our conversation with him, we stated the object we were endeavoring to accomplish, and our lack of funds. He gave us ten dollars, one half the amount we needed. This made us feel very thankful to the Lord, and increased our faith that we should raise the balance of the money needed.

We succeeded in finding sale for the goat skins, etc., donated by the Saints, and accomplished our

object in meeting with our brethren from Utah and the Saints generally in conference.

This meeting, and the consciousness that we were laboring diligently to fill the mission that had been assigned us, repaid us many fold for all our anxieties and privations.

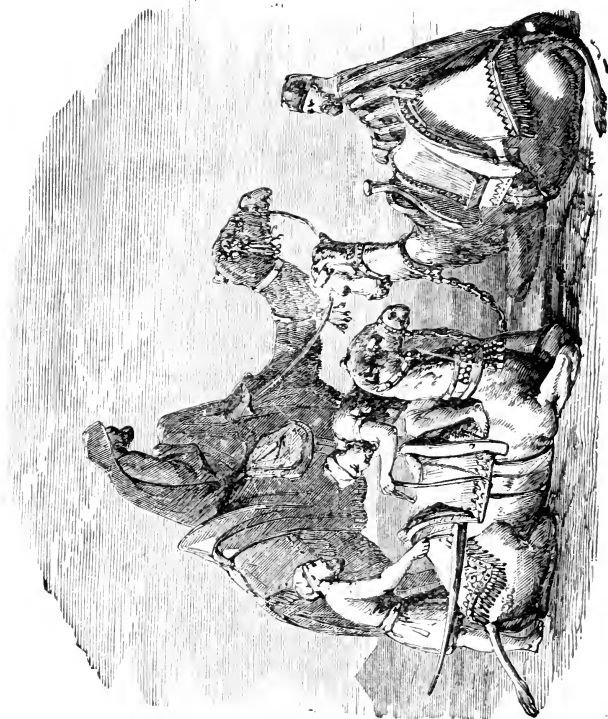


THE CAMEL.

AMONG the most valuable gifts that our Father in Heaven has bestowed upon man, are the various animals which, as beasts of burden, conduce to his happiness and lighten his toil. The Esquimaux, in his frozen home, relies on his teams of many dogs to convey him and his goods from place to place. The Laplander has his reindeer which swiftly draw their master's sleigh over the ice and snow of their native land. We, in these temperate climes, are greatly blessed in this respect; we have the stately horse, the sure-footed mule, the patient ass, the plodding ox to do our bidding and carry our loads. The inhabitant of Peru and Bolivia owns his flocks of lamas to pack his burden over the almost inaccessible sides of the Andes. The East Indian boasts the huge elephant as his servant; while the Arab is blessed with an animal just suited to his wants to cross the burning sands of the great desert amid which he dwells. We mean the camel, a picture of several of which, with their masters, we present on the next page.

The camel has been well named "the ship of the

desert." Without it, it would be almost impossible to cross the terrible wastes of waterless deserts that cover a large portion of Arabia and northern Africa. This beast carries his food and water with him. In the first place it has an extra cavity in



its stomach, designed to receive water whenever it can be procured, and capable of retaining it unchanged for a long time. Thus it can go without water for seven or eight days together without injury. But, stranger still, it is provided with a

storehouse of food, from which it can draw supplies when it can find no grass or herbs around. This store-house consists of one or two large humps on its back. When the camel is in a fertile region these humps become large and plump; but after a long journey in the wilderness, they become shrivelled and small; the camel has been drawing all the fat out of them. Is not this wonderful, children? Does it not manifest to us the kindness of God toward all His children in providing an animal so strangely adapted to these arid, barren deserts?

There are two kinds of camels. Those with two humps are generally called camels: those with one hump are styled dromedaries. The native land of these useful creatures extends from Morocco all along the northern parts of Africa and eastward through Arabia, Palestine, Persia, Mongolia and Tartary as far as China.

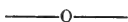
The camel possesses greater strength and activity than most beasts of burden. It is docile, patient in hunger or thirst, and contented with a very little of the coarsest food. But we cannot say it is very beautiful. The humps on its back do not look very graceful; but when we remember the good purpose for which God has placed them there, we forget their ugliness. Its body is stout, its neck long and crooked, its limbs slender. To the Arab and other wanderers in the desert, it is at once wealth, subsistence and protection. Its milk forms a large portion of their food, and the flesh of the young camel is a great treat. Of its skin

they form tents, or manufacture it into saddles, harness, shields, pitchers and many other articles. The hair or wool from its back is made into cloth. So, you see, in life or death it is very valuable to its masters.

The camel is taught when very young to carry small loads. This load is gradually increased as it grows stronger and bigger, until, when they are full grown, they will carry six hundred to one thousand pounds, thirty or thirty-five miles a day, according to their strength and size. Those trained for swiftness will travel seventy or eighty miles a day; but of course with only a light load. It is said the camels know quite well when enough is put on their backs, and that they will not move an inch when they think they have too great a load, until enough is taken off to satisfy them.

The Arabs ride on their backs on a saddle hollowed out in the middle. You see what they are like in the picture. Perhaps some of you would like to ride on the back of a camel. At first you would think it was rather a dangerous mode of traveling, as the camel goes at a high and swinging trot which at first feels very unpleasant; but when one gets used to it enough to feel safe he can enjoy it. When a caravan of camels arrives at a resting or baiting place, they kneel, and the cords sustaining the load being untied, the bales slip down on each side. They generally sleep on their bellies, crouching between the bales they have carried; the load is, therefore, very easily replaced. The average length of a camel's life is forty to

fifty years. The camel appears to have been used as a beast of burden from the earliest times. They are very often mentioned in the Bible, from the age of the patriarchs to the days of Christ, and are referred to as being used in war by the armies of the various nations who from time to time invaded Canaan and afflicted its people.



TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling waters burst,
And quaffed with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
“I thank you, Mr. Pump,” he said,
“For this nice drink you’ve given me!”
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump: “My little man,
You’re welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the Water run.”
“Oh, then,” the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be)
“Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.”

“Ah,” said Cold Water, “don’t thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing.”

"I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.

"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accents said ;

"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the Dew and summer Rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."

"Oh, well then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."

"Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me;

'T was from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught for thee."

"Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back, "Not unto me.

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."

The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued :

"Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good."

HANNAH.

IN this age of infidelity, there is a tendency to forget that our holy religion is based upon the same grand principles of truth that have characterized true religion in every age of the world. Men, now-a-days, would laugh at the idea of a woman going into the temple and asking a favor of the Lord of hosts, as we read in the first chapter of Samuel, that one of the wives of Elkanah, a Levite, did. There is something inexpressibly touching in the narrative, to every one who can enter into the spirit of the proceedings of this daughter of Israel conversing with the God of Israel. It is true, the great high priest who at that time stood at the head of the Priesthood, did not comprehend the doings of this woman. The scripture says: "Now Hannah she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken."

But the Lord knew the nature of the prayer, although no speech was heard; and when an explanation was given to Eli, he knew that Hannah had been praying to the Lord, and with that authority which belonged to his high and holy office, he said to her, "Go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him."

What a privilege it is to have a priesthood on

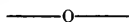
the earth to minister in the things of God! And what a consolation it is to know that however much men may deride those who possess the simple child-like faith, such as that manifested by Hannah, that faith has power to reach the ears of the God of Israel.

And what a striking display we have in this scripture narrative of the dealings of God with His people! The sons of the great high priest Eli, we are told were at that time in Shiloh. Their names are placed on record as "priests of the Lord." What a connection there is between the prayer offered by Hannah, the blessing promised her by the high priest Eli, and the future of these men! Who would have thought that the sons of so good a man as Eli, and, as such, heirs to the priesthood—favored children by birth, were "sons of Belial"? Yet we read that such was the case. And, while the sons were working unrighteousness, the Lord had raised up a youth among them, the very child that had been prayed for by Hannah, who was Samuel, destined to become the prophet and ruler of Israel.

Truly might it be said that "God's ways are not as man's ways." We, as Latter-day Saints, may profitably read the great results wrought out by the Lord in answering the prayer of Hannah, and at the same time providing for the future safety of His people Israel.

This is why it is good for us to become acquainted with the doings of Deity in our midst. God loves to bless His people. Hannah was the

wife of a man who honored the patriarchal law—he had two wives. Men now-a-days would denounce such a man and such a woman, though virtuous as angels. We know this, practically, painfully. Men, who honor the laws of truth and righteousness, and avow themselves Latter-day Saints, are deemed worthy of derision and death. This is why we should know the ways of God, as made known to us in the Scriptures of truth, and by the revelations of Jesus Christ, that we may be prepared to do the will of God by exercising faith in Him, knowing that He will work out our salvation if we are faithful.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same.
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread,
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin;
And thine be the glory,
For ever. Amen.

FRED DANIELSON'S LESSON.

"MA, may I go over to the swing?" asked little Fred of his mother one evening just at dusk.

"No, my son, there are naughty boys there, besides it will soon be dark and time little boys were in bed," said she.

"Why, ma, there is Willie Brown over there now," said he, looking wistfully toward the grove where the boys had put up a swing. He then continued absently: "Willie told me the other day that his ma never made him stay at home of nights, nor go to bed till he got ready."

"Is Willie a good boy?" asked his mother.

"He was not at Sunday School last Sunday; but he always went before that. He goes out every night now, and I think I might go part of the time, as well as he can all the time."

"Well, my son," said his mother, "if you will stay at home, there are the chips your father piled up last night, you may burn them, if you wish."

"Oh, all right!" cried Fred, forgetting for the moment his mother's refusal.

The chips were set on fire and a nice blaze they made. Fred was delighted. The flames were applauded by Fred and his little sisters till dark, when they were called into the house and soon were in bed. Soon after he had got to bed, a noise was heard at the chip pile outside, and Fred knew

that the boys from the swing had come over to the fire to play. From what could be heard by those in the house, the boys were "drawing cuts" for something.

"You know it is my first draw," said one.

"Not much, my pal, I'm the oldest, you know," was the answer.

It was evident from the conversation that the loser was to steal from a neighboring lot some corn and potatoes to be roasted for the crowd. The cuts were drawn, and the young thieves started; but Fred's father now went out, and the boys ran away as fast as they could.

"I did not know Willie Brown was that kind of a boy," said Fred to himself; and then, after a pause, "he has got that way just lately, I know." Fred was soon asleep.

It was Fred's morning task to water a lamb, given him by his father. Soon after dressing himself, therefore, he proceeded to take his pet down to the creek to water. As he was passing the pile of burning chips on his way, the lamb started for the fire, taking Fred along, in spite of his almost frantic tugs at the cord about its neck. It appeared determined to go into the fire, and Fred, seeing this, began crying for help. His mother appeared upon the scene. Remembering the conversation of the previous evening, she approached the place where Fred had pushed the lamb against the fence, and was holding it fast.

"Why do you not let it go, my son?" said she, "is it not able to take care of itself?"

"No, ma," said Fred. "If I should let him go, he would go right into that fire."

"But it should know what is best, should it not?" continued his mother. "If it should go into the fire, it would come out before it was burned much."

"Well, it would get burned some, and it would get blacked up, too. I have kept it so clean; look here." And he stroked its snow-white fleece.

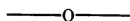
"Yes, it is white; that is because you have taken care of it. I have a lamb, too," continued she, with earnestness, "that I have kept clean and white. If I should let it go where it pleased, it, too, would get scorched and blackened, if not severely burned. I am older and know what is for its good, more than it does. No later than last night, my lamb wished to go into the fire, or what is as bad—into bad company; but I, knowing the consequences, detained it. Now, Freddie, *you* are *my* lamb. If I had allowed you to go to the swing last evening, you would there have found bad company. You saw no harm in that, any more than the lamb saw danger in going into that fire. The boys that we heard here last night were once as white as your lamb. They have been in the fire. They are scorched and burned. Their guides have not directed them in the right path. They have in the past allowed them to do as they wished."

She turned and entered the house. Although a little boy, Fred saw the force of the comparison. As she went away, he muttered to himself:

"My parents will advise me for the best."

Whenever asked to go out at night, or tempted to do wrong after that, he remembered this truth, and took his parents' counsel.

He, now an old man, advises all boys to do the same.



THE LAST SUPPER.

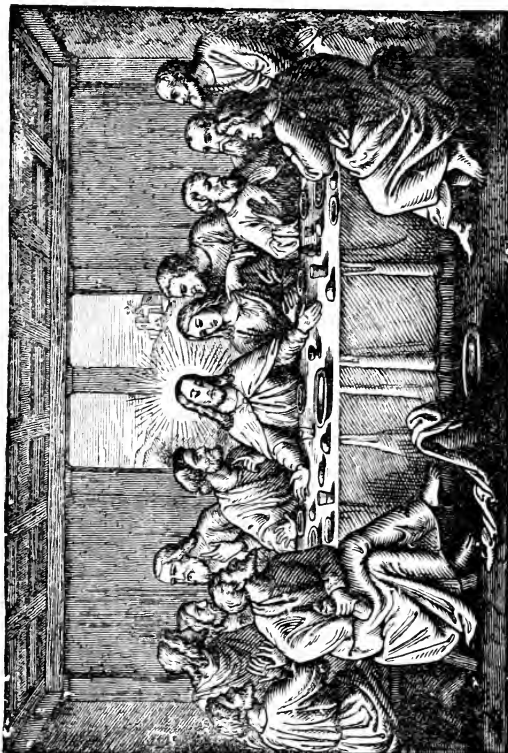
"VERILY, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me!"

Such were the solemn words of the Son of God to the twelve whom He had chosen out of the world. One of those twelve was to betray Him! How awful the thought that of those chosen few, who should have been His truest friends, one was a traitor!

When Jesus uttered these sad words, He and His apostles were gathered in an upper room in Jerusalem, partaking of the last supper the Redeemer of the world tasted before His death. On the morrow He was crucified. The thought that there was one among them so accursed that he would deliver their dearly-loved Master into the hands of the wicked, filled them with horror. With one consent they inquired, "Lord, is it I?" Jesus remained silent. Peter, unable to control his impatient nature, made a signal to John, who leaned on the Savior's breast, to inquire who it was. John did so. With a low voice he said: "Lord, who is it?" The answer was given appar-

ently in a like low voice, so that only he could hear.

It is the custom in Eastern lands for all the guests at a meal to eat out of one common dish.



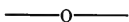
It is polite and customary for one guest to take a piece of bread, dip it in the dish and hand it to another. Jesus handed to Judas a "sop" of this kind. Such an act would excite no notice;

but it was the sign unto John that he to whom it was given was the one who should prove false to his friends, his religion and his God. The Savior then uttered the terrible words: "The Son of Man goeth, as it is written of Him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

Judas also inquired, "Master, is it I?" He was answered, "Thou hast said!" And when he had eaten the sop, Satan entered into him. He was ready for the shameful deed that envy and avarice, hatred and ingratitude inspired. "What thou doest, do quickly," added the Savior. Judas knew what those words meant, he felt their force, arose from the table and quitted the holy feast. The other apostles possibly thought that he had been bidden to go out and make some purchases for the morrow's passover, or give something out of the common store to the poor; for Judas was the treasurer of the quorum. So, from the presence of the Lord, from the blessed company, from the sacred pleasures of that ever-memorable banquet, he went out of the lighted room into the darkness, for "it was night."

But the darkness of that night was nothing compared to the darkness which settled on the soul of Judas. We can only imagine his feelings—the storm of contending emotions that raged in his heart. But evil predominated. For thirty pieces of silver he sold his Savior, and plunged himself into unutterable woe and irretrievable

ruin. With a motley crowd, armed with swords and staves, he led the way to where the Lord could be found. With a kiss, which has ever since been the type of the foulest hypocrisy, he made known who it was they sought. The rest is well known. Before the next day's sun had set, Jesus had atoned for the sins of the world. And Judas, what of him? His time on earth was short. Remorse seized him too late. He took the accursed blood money and threw it at the feet of those from whom he received it, and then went out and hanged himself.



WAR HILL.

TRAVELING through the State of North Carolina, I met with many reminiscences of President Jedediah M. Grant, who performed a mission there many years ago, making a vivid impression on the minds of the people, and converting quite a few to the truth.

An old gentleman, who is not a member of the Church, but who was a warm friend and ardent admirer of Elder Grant, relates a graphic and interesting account of a debate that the latter held with some ministers, in what is now Surrey County.

Upon the advent of the "Mormon" preacher into that particular locality, a minister of one of the denominations challenged him to debate, which challenge was promptly accepted, and the necessary preparations were immediately made. A

chairman and judge were selected, rules adopted to govern the discussion, and the well-known locality of Boone's Hill was chosen as the place to hold the debate. It was the birthplace and former home of Colonel Daniel Boone, the first white settler of Kentucky, and the building located there was known far and near as Boone's Hill Church.

After the preliminaries had been arranged, the minister appeared to have become a little nervous, and requested the privilege of bringing in a friend to assist him.

Elder Grant's reply was, "Yes, as many as you wish."

The result was that when the day came, he found seven sectarian preachers pitted against him.

He claimed and obtained the privilege of replying to each speaker consecutively.

The church proved much too small to accommodate the people; so a platform was erected at the rear of the building, and the people seated themselves under the shade of the trees.

The discussion opened; and the polemical battle waxed hot and hotter, as hour after hour of debate went by. The Elder followed them whithersoever they saw proper to lead, and, with Bible quotations and historical facts, struck blows so rapid and so strong that his opponents became demoralized on the second day, and posted off a runner on horseback eighty miles to bring to their assistance a noted divine. By a rapid journey, this theological Hercules soon reached the appointed

place, and by his presence revived the drooping spirits of his friends.

But the Elder, after four days of continuous debate, only seemed to have got fairly into a condition to talk well, and doubly astonished the priests and people by the hurricane of thought, truth and logic that came rushing through his lips with such force as to sweep away their arguments and sophistry, holding spell-bound the audience while he contrasted the man-made system of modern theology with the grand and glorious truth of God's revealed religion. He portrayed the sublimity of holy writ in its forecast of the glorious work of the latter days; the restoration of the gospel; the visitation of angels; the believer blessed with the gifts and signs following; the building up of the kingdom of God; the redemption of the human family and of the earth; until, at last, turning to the crowd of ministers who had been opposing him, he called upon them to turn from their erroneous doctrines and aid him in the promulgation of the true gospel, that must "be preached in all the world for a witness." He promised that if they would do so they should reap eternal life. Raising his hands toward heaven, he declared that he had spoken the truth to the people; that his hands were washed clean of their blood, and that his testimony was recorded in the archives of heaven, to be brought forth on the great day of God's judgment; and said, "you ministers, and you people, will meet it there that day."

At the close of this remarkable scene the men who had been opposing him began hurriedly leaving the platform. So excited were they in their movements, that the leading one of them left his Bible, cane and hat behind him.

Noticing these articles left behind, Elder Grant called and requested some one to carry them to the absent-minded owner, and one of the bystanders did so.

Elder Grant then dismissed the congregation, and from that day to this, Boone's Hill has been called *War Hill*, in memory of the religious battle fought there.

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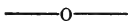
ONLY a seed—but it chanced to fall
In a little cleft of a city wall,
And, taking root, grew bravely up,
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day
That a burdened heart passed by that way,
And the message that through the flower was sent
Brought the weary soul a sweet content;

For it spoke of the lilies so wondrously clad,
And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad
At the thought of a tender care over all,
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught:
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit—a hundred-fold.

Only a word—but 't was spoken in love,
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,
And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,
For a new-born soul “entered in by the door.”



MOUNT TABOR.

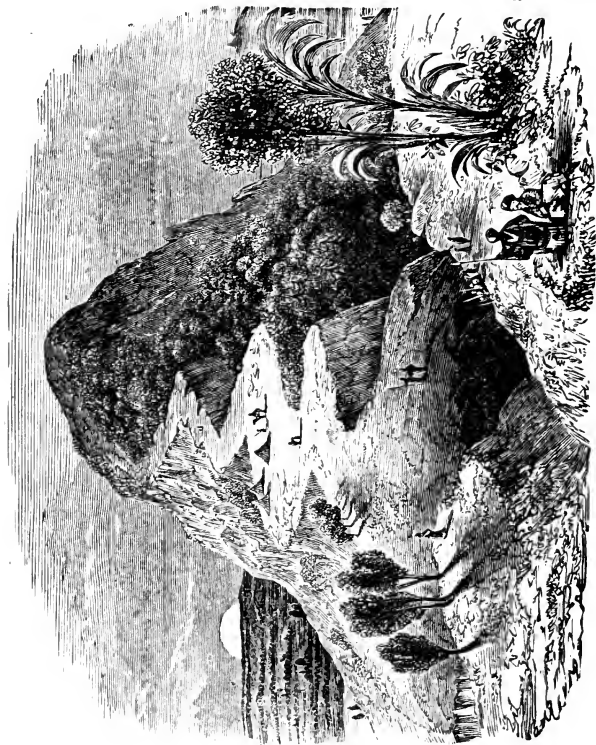
OUR little friends who read the Bible (and we hope they all do) no doubt feel a deep interest in the land which the Lord gave to Israel. That land which God promised to His servant Abraham for an everlasting covenant when He called him from the idolatrous house of his fathers. The land to which Moses guided the wanderings of the Hebrews, when, by the power of Jehovah, he delivered them from the bondage of Pharaoh. The same land where Saul and David reigned, where Solomon built that glorious house of the Lord, where the high priests ministered in holy things, and the prophets proclaimed the future history of the world. Above all that, the land where Jesus, our Savior, was born, to whose people He declared the words of life, and outside the wall of whose chief city He was offered a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

In the course of its long history, this land has

been known by many changing names. To the Hebrews, toiling beneath their inhuman task-masters in Egypt, it was the land of promise. To Joshua and his invading hosts it was known as Canaan; some of the children of Canaan, the son of Ham, having settled in that country. In the time of our Savior it was divided into Judea, Samaria and Galilee of the Gentiles. To the Crusaders, who, twelve hundred years afterwards, sought to wrest the possession of its soil from the Saracens, it became the Holy Land, in which every mountain and valley, grove and city was a sacred spot, and Jerusalem its Holy of Holies. To-day we term it Palestine, and acknowledge it as part of the possessions of the Sultan of Turkey. For at this time strangers sit in the gates of its favored cities, and the Gentiles rule where once Israel reigned. Will this be always so? No; God gave this land to Israel for an everlasting possession and His promises will not fail. The day draws nigh when His chosen people will again inhabit their ancient homes; when they will rebuild the waste places, and the now desert land will regain its ancient fertility. Its fountains of water will burst forth and its streams increase, while its hill sides will grow rich with the vine, and its valleys white with grain.

Mount Tabor is, in many respects, the most remarkable in Palestine. It stands alone on the north-east border of the plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon. The former being the Hebrew, and the latter the Greek name for the plain. It is

about 1800 feet high, and from its summit can be obtained a very extensive and most beautiful view of the surrounding country. It is climbed through thickets of oak brush and thorns, among which



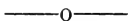
on its level summit are open grassy glades, "among whose thick, flower-spangled herbage, coveys of partridges nestle and gazelles browse." This summit is an oval plain, about a quarter of a mile in extent, partly covered with the substantial

remains of ancient fortifications and other ruins. Seen from the north-west this mountain resembles a dome; seen from the east it looks like a long arched mound.

Mount Tabor was imagined by some to be the "high mountain" on to which Jesus took Peter, James and John when He was transfigured before them. But Tabor's busy summit was then no place for such an endowment, as a walled city covered its level area both before those days and long afterwards. Jesus chose some place, where in the midst of solitude, where no human eye could discover, or footsteps disturb, He could confer the mysteries of the kingdom upon those three apostles. Still, long after His day, churches and convents were built there, and pilgrimages made to this holy mountain, and few doubted that this was the place of that glorious appearing.

On the plain below, sometimes in the shadow of this mount, were many of the greatest victories gained and defeats suffered by Israel. It was the natural battle ground of the swarms of invaders who came from the nations of the east to swallow up the Hebrews. Here Barak fought the great battle which inspired the triumphal hymn of Deborah. Here the hosts of Midian fell beneath "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Almost on this same ground Saul and Jonathan fell, when Israel was discomfited by the armies of the Philistines. And so on down to the present day, when Napoleon led the legions of France past this plain in his vain attempt to subdue Syria.

This plain has also other associations beside that of being a great battle field. Many of the now squalid and half-ruined villages are full of interest to Bible readers. A few miles to the south of Tabor lies Endor, known as the place where Saul, bereft of the Spirit of God, sought to pry into the future through the medium of a woman known in the Bible by the name of the witch of Endor. Here the Prophet Samuel revealed to him his defeat and death at the hands of the Philistines on the morrow. Near by is Nain, at whose gate Jesus met the sorrowing widow bearing her only son to the grave. Here Jesus stopped the sad procession and told the dead youth to arise and live; to comfort with his life the heart of his widowed mother. And to the north-east of Tabor lies Nazareth, the home of Joseph the carpenter, and his wife Mary, the mother of Jesus; in which city the Savior, amidst the rest of the family, spent His boyhood days.



AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

WHILE laboring as a missionary among the Creek Indians in the Indian Territory, I made it a practice to inquire for those who had some knowledge of the English language.

Some time during the month of January, 1856, I heard of a town chief by the name of Jack Randall, who was pretty well advanced in years, and well respected by his people. I was told, however,

that he was not a religious man ; that he invariably declined to associate himself with any of the leading sects, then doing quite a work among the Creek Indians, and that it would be useless for me to teach him our principles. I went, however, and found him somewhat unwell, reclining on his bed. I told him my business and asked permission to communicate to him some of the principles of our religion. He signified that he was willing to listen, and I proceeded to lay before him, in as simple language as I could, some of the leading doctrines of our faith.

He listened with marked attention, and while I was speaking his eyes sparkled with delight, and he seemed to receive my message with great satisfaction.

I stayed with him over night and on parting the next morning he asked me to call again at my convenience. The following summer I returned to that part of the territory, and gave him another call.

It was in the evening when I reached his house, and I found him and his wife engaged in his garden, hoeing potatoes. He requested me to go into the house, stating that he would be there himself soon.

As soon as he reached the house, his first words were: "I want you to baptize me."

I was quite surprised, and told him that I would attend to the ordinance in the morning, as it was then sundown, and the nearest place to water was about two miles distant.

He responded, however, "I do not want to wait until morning, I might be dead then."

Seeing his faith, I gladly attended to the holy ordinance that night.

This chief subsequently related to me the following:

"Many years ago I had a vision of a young man who came to me with a message of the gospel, declaring to me in great plainness many glorious principles, all of which I fully believed and have cherished ever since. When the Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists came with their different creeds and earnestly sought my conversion, I found they differed so materially from the teachings I had received from the young man in the vision that I could not be persuaded by any of them to join their churches. But finally, when the gospel in its fullness reached me through the instrumentality of a young man, I recognized at once the teachings received in the vision, and consequently was so quickly resolved to be baptized."

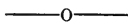
Brother Randall brought quite a number into the Church, was ordained an Elder and became president of a branch.

It was at his house that a conference of the branch of the Church in the Creek nation was held on the 6th of April, 1857, at which time we were favored with the presence of Apostle Parley P. Pratt. It was the last conference he attended in the flesh. He appeared to be much depressed in spirit, and evidently had forebodings of his approaching end.

Brother Randall proved himself faithful to the end of his days ; but after laboring about two years for the cause of Christ, he was gathered home with his fathers to continue his labors in the spirit world.

I take pleasure in stating that I have officiated for him in the temple at St. George, and trust that he has received the benefit of my labors in his behalf.

After his death quite a number of those whom he had brought into the Church became cold, and returned to their old habits and traditions.



A FEW SENTIMENTS.

THE way the gospel is received among mankind is often well illustrated in families. Some sons seek after the association and counsels of their father. Others do not wish to hear anything father has to say. They feel that they have already received enough of his counsel and need no more. They believe their own wisdom amply sufficient for their guidance.

We may safely assert that, in every age, there have been a few who have longed for something better than that which the generation in which they lived were permitted to enjoy.

As the latter-day gospel has been preached, it has found a few who were of this class. They were desirous of knowing more of their Heavenly Father than had yet been revealed to them. The idea that the ancient gospel had been restored—

that they could learn the will of God concerning themselves, filled what had ever before been a void in their souls.

When they heard the gospel, they accepted it without any reservation. Such will be likely to ever keep the testimony of the Spirit with them, and not fail or fall out by the way.

When the Lord began to work with the Prophet Joseph Smith, He enlightened him by His Spirit, so that he could see the confusion of Christianity. The next impression made upon his mind was to appeal to the heavenly powers for the knowledge of a more perfect way to salvation.

In his earnest desire for more revelation from the Lord he stood alone. Those around him did not want anything more from their Heavenly Father.

The devil inspired their hearts with the fear that if the Lord spoke, He would utter something that they did not wish to hear; that He would want them to change their ways; to do things different from what tradition and custom had taught them.

They believed that they had sense and reason to guide them about right without any further revelation from God. They wanted nothing more than the shadow of the gospel which they already possessed. They wanted no more revelation; no more prophecy; no Holy Ghost to take of the things of God and show unto them. Such prefer darkness to light, and therefore they must be left to themselves and go down to death.

MAHOMET'S CALL TO PRAYER.

MAHOMET, whom the Arabians honor as a prophet, was in doubt as to the best method of summoning the believers in his doctrine to prayer and to worship. Some thought that the Jewish trumpet would be the best means of calling the people together. Others advocated the Christian bell; but neither was grateful to Mahomet's ear. He had some thoughts of adopting the gong, but neither did this please him. Tradition says that the matter was under discussion when one of Mahomet's followers dreamed that he met a man clad in green raiment carrying a bell. This follower, Abdallah by name, sought to buy it, saying that it would do well for bringing together the assembly of the faithful.

"I will show thee," replied the stranger, "a better way than that; let the crier call aloud, 'Great is the Lord! Great is the Lord! I bear witness that there is no God but the Lord: I bear witness that Mahomet is the prophet of God. Come unto prayer: come unto happiness. God is great: God is great! There is no God but the Lord!'"

Awaking from sleep, Abdallah proceeded to Mahomet and told him his dream. The prophet accepted it as a vision from on high, and forthwith commanded his negro servant to carry out the

divine behest. Ascending to the top of a lofty house while it was yet dark, this negro servant, who was noted for his powerful voice, watched for the break of day. On the first glimmer of light, with his far-sounding voice he startled all around from their slumbers, adding to the call, "Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!" Every day at the five appointed times the well known cry summoned the people to their devotions, and the successors of this servant of Mahomet's, from the minarets of the Mahometan mosques throughout the world to this day follow his example.

In the days of Mahomet the Koran was committed to memory, more or less, by every one of his adherents, and the extent to which it could be recited was one of the chief distinctions of nobility in those early days. The Koran is a book of revelation which Mahomet professed to have received from heaven. Thus among the heap of warrior martyrs he who had been the most conversant in the Koran was honored with the first burial. The person who in any company could most faithfully repeat the Koran was of right entitled to conduct the public prayers (a post closely connected to that of government) and to pecuniary rewards. Thus, after the usual distributions of the spoils taken on the field of battle shortly after Mahomet's death, the residue was divided among those who knew the most of the Koran.

So carefully has the Koran been preserved that there are no variations of importance amongst the innumerable copies of it which are scattered

through the vast bounds of the Mahometan dominions. Contending and embittered factions, many of which took their rise a quarter of a century from the death of Mahomet, have ever since rent the Mahometan world. Yet but one Koran has always been current among them, and they all use at the present day the same version. There is, probably, in the world no other work which has remained twelve centuries with so pure a text. The cause of this, probably, is that an awful reverence for what they considered the word of God was deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. The Koran itself contains frequent denunciations against those who should presume to "fabricate anything in the name of the Lord" as well as conceal any part of that which He had revealed. Such an action was represented as the worst description of crime.

We often think that if the Latter-day Saints would follow the revelations which the Lord has given unto us in the Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants it would be much better for us. Mahomet never claimed to have received the priesthood. He doubtless had some portion of the prophetic gift, being himself, probably, a descendant of the prophets; but notwithstanding the impure character of his revelations, the care which has been bestowed by his followers in studying the Koran has been a cause of great strength to Mahometanism, and it is rarely, if ever, we hear of Mahometans being converted to so-called Christianity.

KIND THOUGHTS.

LET us cherish a memory for pleasant things
And let all the others go.

It is never by giving "tit for tat"

That we touch the heart of a foe.

It is not by dwelling on fancied wrongs

That we feel their sting grow less;

And malice once entering the heart is sure

To crush out all tenderness.

Forgive, forget, though the wrong be great,

And your heart be stricken sore;

For thinking of trouble makes it worse,

And its pain is all the more.

Do kindly things to your neighbors, e'en

Though they do not so to you;

Though they be wrong, unjust, unkind,

Keep your own heart ever true.

The heart is a garden ; our thoughts the flowers,
That spring into fruitful life:

Have care that in sowing there fall no seed

From the weed of cruel strife.

Oh! loving words are not hard to say,

If the heart be loving too.

And the kinder the thoughts you give to others,

The kinder their thoughts of you.

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